

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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The hours and miles slip by almost unnoticed in a Sunbeam... with its brilliantly responsive engine and famous rally-bred endurance... Its firm suspension and cushioned comfort take much of the strain out of long, hard driving. Yes, the Sunbeam *really* spoils you. Go to your dealer, see the new models in their smart new two-tone styling — and most important — have a trial run.

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SPORTS SALOON

Outright winner of the 1955 Monte Carlo Rally

A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

SUNBEAM-TALBOT LIMITED • COVENTRY • LONDON SHOWROOMS AND EXPORT DIVISION • ROOTES LIMITED • DEVONSHIRE HOUSE • PICCADILLY • LONDON W1

This is the bottle to look for...

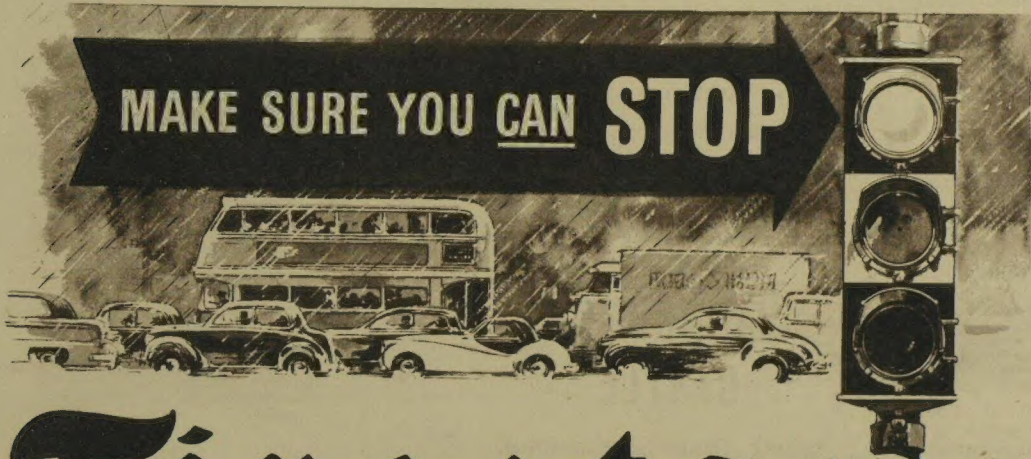
Discerning hosts can offer their guests no better drink than Scotch Whisky—especially when it's "Black & White." This fine Scotch has a smooth mellow flavour and extra quality all its own.



By Appointment
to Her Majesty the Queen
Scotch Whisky Distillers
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- QUICKER SURER STOPPING • SMOOTH QUIET RIDING
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Experience Counts

27 Factories throughout the world. Firestone total sales exceed £1,000,000 per day. Firestone Tubeless Tyres have been proved in service since 1951 and production today exceeds 1,500,000 per month.

Firestone TYRES — consistently good



**WITH
WEATHERISED
TREAD**

THERE IS EXCITEMENT, exhilaration, in the lift and thrust of jet flying. There is also a deep and lasting satisfaction, known only to those who fly. Ask these men to describe it and words fail. Ask them to give it up and they worry. For once you have shared the tranquillity of that new world above the clouds, you cannot easily forgo it.

Many young men dream of joining this brotherhood of flight. They sense the magic. They see that the future of mankind lies in the air and want to help fashion the future.

Future perfect...

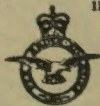
In which a young man will have satisfied his need for action and will be enjoying the security of a well-paid career.



HOW TO FLY WITH THE R.A.F.

Because their opportunities are great and their work important, standard of entry for aircrew is very high. Education to at least the level of the General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate or their equivalents, perfect physical health, aptitude as well as enthusiasm for flying — to these must be added the ability and personality to lead others. You must also be between 17½ and 26. If you have these qualifications you have the chance of a career that is both rewarding and worthwhile.

Write at once for further details of the schemes of entry and for an interesting, informative booklet on flying with the R.A.F. to the Air Ministry (ILN302), Adastral House, London, W.C.1. Give date of birth and educational qualifications.



The Royal Air Force
Flying ...and a career

These men can realise their dream. They have within their grasp the chance of a lifetime of exciting and satisfying work. With the Royal Air Force, pilots and navigators fly often. They fly far afield. And they manage some of the finest machines in the world: Canberra, Valiant, Hunter — these names are but the prelude.

"But there's more to a life than flying" you may say. The Royal Air Force knows this and has planned accordingly.

FLYING PLUS

Aircrew do much more than fly. They are often seconded for important work in Britain and abroad. Training others, international liaison, scientific exploration — these are but a few of the diverse and important missions to come the way of aircrew personnel. And the new Direct Commission scheme provides the opportunity to make the Royal Air Force a career. You can join, as an officer, with the certainty of a continuing and satisfying job until you retire with a pension. Or you can choose, if you wish, a twelve year commission, with the option of returning to civilian life after eight years. In this case you return with a handsome tax-free gratuity, far more than you are likely to save in a similar time in any other profession. Pay, as you rise in the service, is equally realistic. A Flight-Lieutenant of 25, drawing full allowances, can now earn more than a thousand a year.

Sporting facilities in the R.A.F. are good and convenient and there is leisure to enjoy them. Travel, too, is routine, accepted and enjoyed as one of the perquisites of a vital job. It is right that this should be so. These men are our first line of defence. They are the heirs of "the few"



RESPONSIBILITY Pontoons at Young Sound, Greenland, carrying stores to a Sunderland of R.A.F. Coastal Command, during the British North Greenland Expedition. A share in such exciting missions is a likely part of every pilot's and navigator's future.



AND RELAXATION Yachting is a popular R.A.F. pastime. Near the Baltic it's ice-yachting and gliding; across in Canada, hunting, fishing, winter sport. Wherever you go with the R.A.F., your sporting horizon expands.

First Class return to South Africa

£180

THE VOYAGE by Union-Castle... there is no more delightful way to begin—and end—a South African holiday. In no other way can you achieve such a complete sense of escape—and anticipation. And now comes a wonderful opportunity to travel in Union-Castle luxury to Cape Town and back for hardly more than the ordinary single fare, with the option of returning from Cape Town up to 15 days after arrival.

You travel in the 28,705-ton

'EDINBURGH CASTLE'

sailing from Southampton
14th June, due Cape Town
28th June, 1956.

Illustrated folder, also details of reduced fares by other Mail-ships and for the 9 weeks, 15,000 miles Round Africa Voyage from Travel Agents or 3 Fenchurch St., London, EC3.



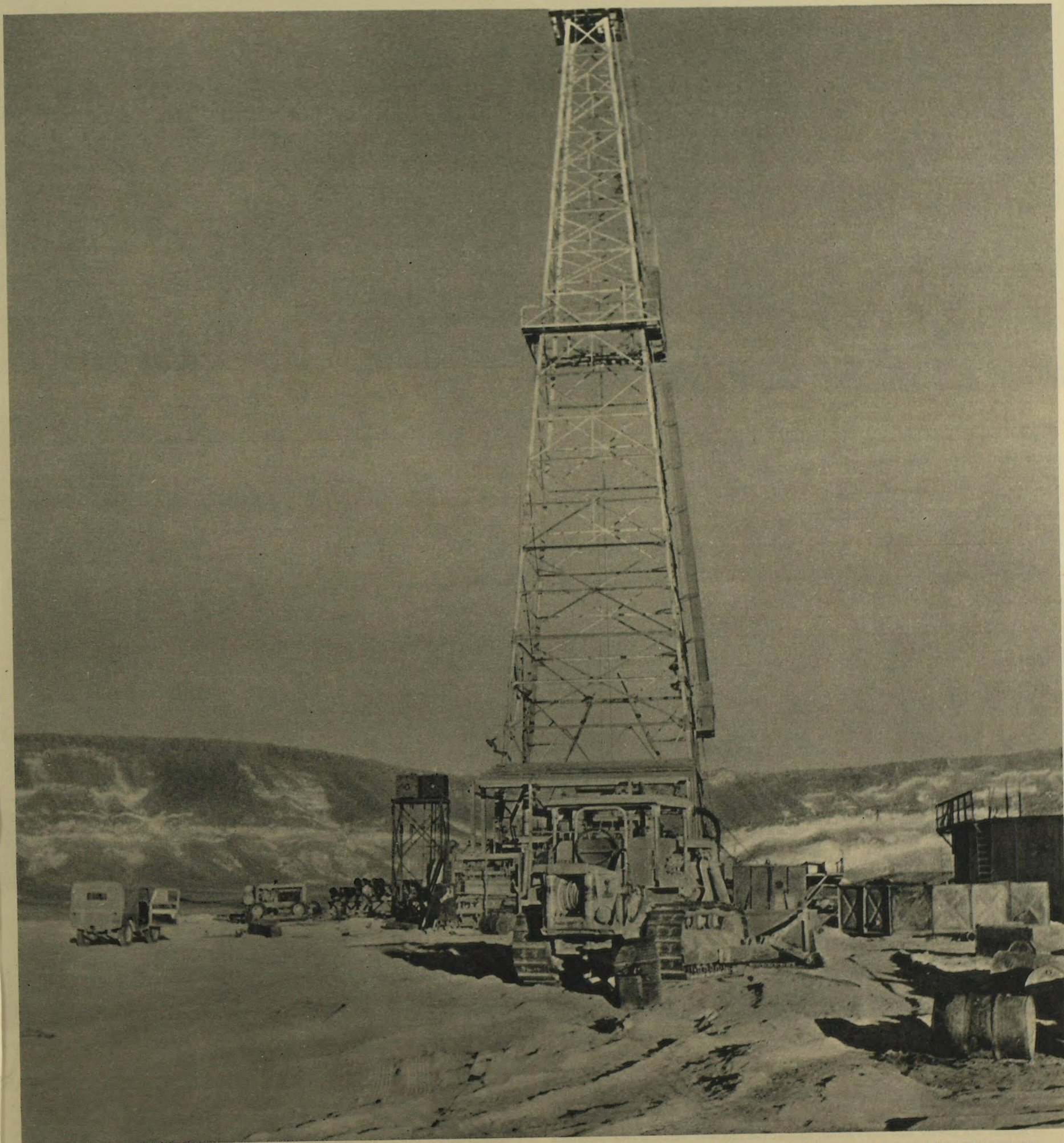
UNION-CASTLE

Southampton to South Africa every Thursday at 4.0 p.m.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1956.



A BRITISH OIL VENTURE IN A TROUBLED REGION: A RIG AT FAHUD, OMAN, WHERE DRILLING IS DUE TO COMMENCE SHORTLY.

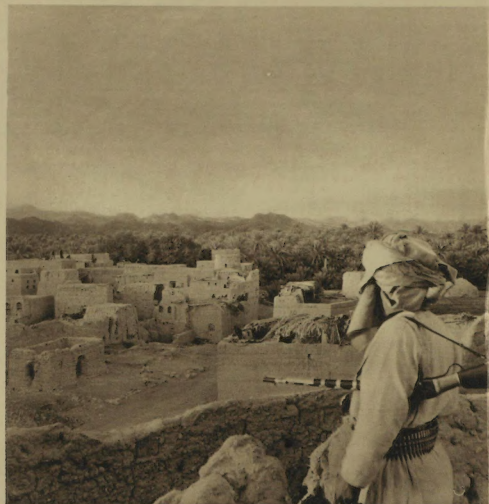
The quest for oil has brought dreams of untold riches to the desert nations of the Middle East, and in many cases—notably in those of Saudi Arabia, Iraq and Kuwait—the dreams have been translated into dollars and sterling enough to set their rulers among the richest men in the world. The search goes on, and with it the conflict between neighbouring States, to whom boundaries, formerly of little account, have now acquired immense significance in view of the oil-bearing potentialities of the region. At Jebel Fahud, in the Omani desert, the British

engineers of the Iraq Petroleum Company have set up an oil rig, shown above, and drilling is scheduled to begin this month. Fahud, however, is sufficiently near the Saudi Arabian border to cause some unease to the Sultan of Muscat and Oman, whose territory it is. This factor, indeed, is the key to the recent campaign, described elsewhere in this issue, to overthrow the Imam of Oman, who was known to be a puppet of Saudi Arabia and to have received arms and money from abroad for the purpose of disputing the Sultan's sovereignty.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.



WHERE THE ONLY SHOT WAS FIRED: THE FORT AT FIRQ, PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN TO OCCUPY THE OASIS OF NAZWA.



AFTER THE SURRENDER: THE FORT AT FIRQ, WHICH OFFERED THE ONLY RESISTANCE TO THE ADVANCE OF THE MUSCAT AND OMAN FIELD FORCE.



ON THE ROOF OF THE CIRCULAR FORT AT NAZWA, WHICH HAS 20-FT-THICK STONE WALLS: ADHERENTS OF THE IMAM BEING INTERROGATED.



HOISTED OVER THE IMAM'S FORT AT NAZWA: THE SULTAN OF MUSCAT'S RED FLAG ON A POLE IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE IMAM'S WHITE FLAG.

THE BLOODLESS VICTORY OF THE SULTAN OF MUSCAT AND OMAN

One of the briefest and strangest of campaigns ended on December 15 when Nazwa, an oasis in a remote mountain valley of Oman, surrendered without resistance to the Muscat and Oman Field Force. The short campaign was conducted by the Sultan of Muscat and Oman, Said bin Taimur, against the Imam of Oman, a rival potentate who virtually ruled the mountainous interior of the country and had recently established a dubious contact with both Egypt and Saudi Arabia, and had attempted to set up a totally independent State of Oman. The campaign was described in *The Times* in a series of vivid dispatches from their Special Correspondent in Central Oman, who followed the Muscat and Oman Field Force in their movement against Nazwa. The only resistance met during this strange campaign was at Firq,

where a single shot was fired from the fort. When the leading squadron reached Nazwa, a straggling mile-long oasis in a mountain valley, they reported that the Sultan's red flag was already flying from the battlements of the Imam's massive circular fort. The Imam had apparently decided to make a midnight exodus from the Nazwa fort by climbing down a rope after he had failed to rally last-ditch resistance. The Muscat and Oman Field Force has British officers, who are employed and paid directly by the Sultan of Muscat, who was personally responsible for the conception and timing of the operations. The Field Force, under Lieut.-Colonel W. A. Cheesman, numbered 350 men, with forty-three vehicles, four old pack guns and four 3-in. mortars. The story behind this campaign, like many more in the Middle East, has oil in it.



AFTER THE SURRENDER OF THE IMAM'S FOLLOWERS: TROOPS MOVING INTO NAZWA TO OCCUPY THE MASSIVE FORT, FROM WHICH THE IMAM ESCAPED BY ROPE THROUGH AN EMBRASURE.



AFTER THE SURRENDER: 275-IN. SCREEN-GUNS IN THE LINES OF THE MUSCAT AND OMAN FIELD FORCE OUTSIDE A WATCH-TOWER AT NAZWA.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING THE "ONE SHOT" CAMPAIGN.

The key to the operation is really Fahud, a point in the Omani desert, where British oil men are hoping to find deposits of exceptional value. Drilling is to begin there this month, and to enable these operations to proceed satisfactorily local political stability and security are essential. A new treaty of friendship, commerce and navigation between Britain and the Sultan was signed in 1951, which reaffirmed the close ties which have existed between the British Government and the Sultanate of Oman and Muscat for over a century and a half. It was stated that the Foreign Office was not in any way directly concerned with the recent campaign, which it considered to be, in essence, a policing operation within the territory of the Sultan of Muscat. The British Government has, however, accepted the Sultan's request that they should represent his



COMMANDER OF THE NEWLY RAISED MUSCAT AND OMAN FIELD FORCE: LIEUT.-COLONEL W. A. CHEESMAN. THE FORCE IS LED BY BRITISH OFFICERS, WHO ARE PAID BY THE SULTAN.



OCCUPYING AN EMBRASURE OF THE IMAM'S FORT AT NAZWA: A MUSCAT BREN-GUNNER WITH (LEFT) AN OLD NAVAL CANNON, POSSIBLY PORTUGUESE.

interests in the Buraimi oasis dispute. The independent Sultanate of Muscat and Oman is situated at the easterly corner of Arabia, on the Gulf of Oman and the Arabian Sea. The area of the Sultanate has been estimated at about 52,000 square miles; the population of over half a million is mainly composed of Arabs, but there is a strong infusion of Negro blood, especially along the coast. There is a fertile strip along the shores of the Gulf of Oman in the Balina district, north-west of Muscat, which is prosperous and noted for its dates. Inland are hills and plateaux; but, with the exception of the oases, there is little or no cultivation in the latter. Muscat, one of the two chief towns, which has a population of 5,500, still shows signs of its Portuguese occupation in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A FRIEND sent me the other day a reprint of the issue of *The Times* for Thursday, November 7, 1805—the issue, that is, in which the full official report of Trafalgar was made public, though a special second edition of the previous day's issue had already given the first intimation of the victory and Nelson's death. Like every true account of life, it is an astonishing amalgam of the important with the trivial. It begins: "Admiralty-Office, Nov. 6. Dispatches, of which the following are copies, were received at the Admiralty this day at one o'clock A.M. from Vice-Admiral Collingwood, Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels off Cadiz:—" and goes on

Euryalus, Off Cape Trafalgar. Oct. 22, 1805. Sir, The ever-to-be-lamented death of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, who, in the late conflict with the enemy, fell in the hour of victory, leaves to me the duty of informing my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty . . .

continuing thereafter with a full description of the battle. It is admirably done:

As the mode of our attack had been previously determined on, and communicated to the Flag-Officers and Captains, few signals were necessary, and none were made, except to direct close order as the lines bore down. The Commander-in-Chief, in the Victory, led the weather column, and the Royal Sovereign, which bore my flag, the lee. . . . The enemy's ships were fought with a gallantry highly honourable to their Officers; but the attack on them was irresistible, and it pleased the Almighty Disposer of all events to grant his Majesty's arms a complete and glorious victory.

"Such a battle," the Commander-in-Chief continued, "could not be fought without sustaining a great loss of men. I have not only to lament, in common with the British Navy, and the British Nation, in the Fall of the Commander-in-Chief, the loss of a Hero whose name will be immortal, and his memory ever dear to his country; but my heart is rent with the most poignant grief for the death of a friend, to whom, by many years intimacy, and a perfect knowledge of the virtues of his mind, which inspired ideas superior to the common race of men, I was bound by the strongest ties of affection; a grief to which even the glorious occasion in which he fell, does not bring the consolation which, perhaps, it ought. His Lordship received a musket ball in his left breast, about the middle of the action, and sent an Officer to me immediately with his last farewell; and soon after expired." There is something very affecting in the thought that Collingwood, who wrote this account of his friend and late Commander's death, hating, one feels, from his nostalgic letters to his wife and friends in England, every weary day of it, remained at his station at the head of the Mediterranean fleet for more than four more years and never returned before his death on active service to see his family and the Northumbrian home he thought of with such deep longing and the trees he had planted there. It is a comfort to think that he had a good dog called *Bounce* who shared his cabin and his life of constant cruising and confinement with him; "nothing but a sense of it being necessary for the safety of the country," he once wrote, "could make us support such a deprivation of everything which is pleasurable. Whenever we are blessed with peace I shall go ashore with extreme satisfaction, never to embark again." On this occasion—the supreme climax of his life of service—he ended his public despatch, "I beg to congratulate their Lordships on a victory which, I hope, will add a ray to the glory of his Majesty's crown and be attended with public benefit to the country."

Admiral Collingwood's simple and touching account of the greatest naval victory and personal loss in Britain's sea annals is followed by a description of what seems to a modern mind as a shocking breach of taste as even our age of popular breaches of taste could scarcely equal, though ours tends to be journalistic rather than histrionic. Introduced under the heading of *Covent Garden Theatre*, it is set out as follows:

Last night, after the Comedy of "She Would and She Would Not," in which Miss Smith acted Hypolita with admirable spirit, the Proprietors of this Theatre, ever alive to the national glory, produced a hasty but elegant compliment to the memory of Lord Nelson. When the curtain drew up, we were surprised with the view of a superb naval scene. It consisted of columns in the foreground,

decorated with medallions of the Naval Heroes of Britain. In the distance a number of ships were seen, and the front of the picture was filled by Mr. Taylor and the principal singers of the Theatre. They were grouped in an interesting manner, with their eyes turned towards the clouds, from whence a half-length portrait of Lord Nelson descended with the following words underwritten: "Horatio Nelson, Ob. 21st Oct." Mr. Taylor and the other performers then sang "Rule Britannia," verse and chorus.

To make matters worse, Mr. Taylor, we are told, then sang an additional verse written by Mr. Ashley, of Bath, "with the most affecting expression." It was "universally encored."

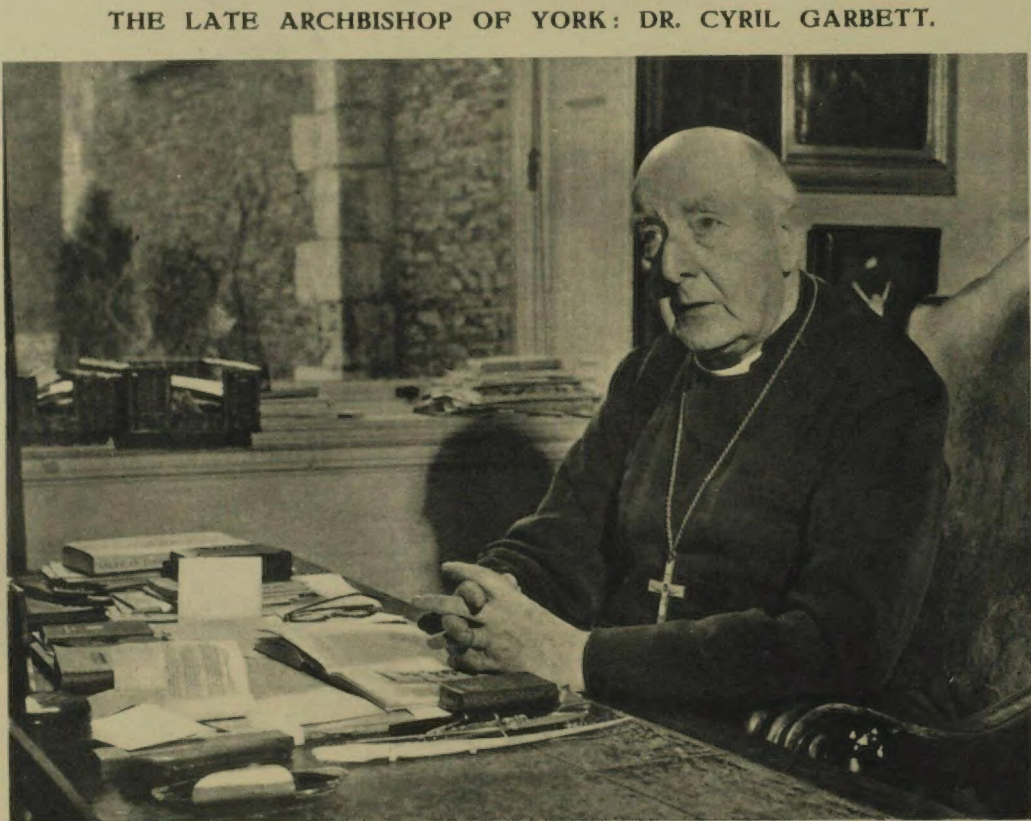
It is a relief to turn to the advertisement columns. Side by side with the Admiralty's official announcement of Trafalgar and Collingwood's despatch is the offer of a reward for an old Pointer Dog, white with red spots, almost blind, with one eye quite gone, who answered to the name of *Basto*. One hopes that someone found him and brought him speedily to his master at 158, Swallow Street, Piccadilly, receiving in return the guinea reward offered and "reasonable expenses paid." One would like, too, to know whether the advertiser who offered five guineas for three tickets of admission to the Lord Mayor's Banquet got what he wanted and whether he was pleased with his bargain, for if present he must have heard one of the most famous speeches in history: the one in which Pitt, speaking only a few weeks before his death, declared that England had saved herself by

her exertions and would save Europe by her example. I wonder, incidentally—for it was nearly a century after the Act of Union—whether the Prime Minister received as many letters of rebuke from Scottish hearers and readers of his speech as the present writer would receive if he used similar nomenclature on this page! It is interesting to reflect that at least Mr. Pitt wouldn't have received one from his contemporary, Walter Scott, who frequently used the word "England" in this general way.

Strangely enough, if I could transport myself for forty-eight hours to the London of November 1805 with, say, a couple of hundred pounds in my pocket and return afterwards with my purchases to the London of 1956, the function advertised in this issue of *The Times* that I should elect to attend would be neither the Lord Mayor's Banquet nor Mr. Taylor's patriotic performance at Covent Garden Theatre. It would be a sale of "excellent and modern Household Furniture, Sideboard of fashionable Plate, Books and other effects of a gentleman, this and the following day at No. 8, Baker Street, Portman Square," conducted by Messrs. Peter Cox, Burrell and Foster. It makes my collector's mouth water to think of it!

Comprising lofty 4-post and side-view bedsteads, with fine chintz and other hangings and window curtains, prime beds and bedding, chests of drawers, cheval dressing-glass and other bed-chamber articles, drawing-room suits of handsome French window-curtains, large chimney-glasses in white-and-gold frames and mirrors with lights to correspond, rose-wood commodes with statuary slabs, screens, chimney ornaments, japanned black-and-gold sofa and chairs with squabs and cushions, card and Pembroke tables, carpets, a large set of dining tables, parlour chairs square-stuffed and covered with black Spanish leather, a bookcase, sideboard . . .

The nostalgic thoughts of Regency zebra-wood sofa-tables and the kind of chairs and bookcases in which the late Mr. Edward Knoblock delighted being knocked down to me for a few guineas and driven back across the Park from early nineteenth-century Baker Street to mid-twentieth-century Knightsbridge is almost more than I can bear. It makes me want to console myself with a bottle of the "CORDIAL BALM OF GILEAD" made by Dr. Solomon, of Solomon's Place, Liverpool, and sold by Mrs. Mathews at No. 18, Strand, which is so earnestly recommended by the good doctor to "all persons labouring under those cruel maladies which break out in a variety of symptoms, such as weakness, debility, lowness of spirits, loss of appetite, relaxation, indigestion, sickness, vomiting, gouty spasms of the stomach, hysterical and hypochondriacal affections, dimness of sight, confused thoughts, wanderings of the mind, etc., In all which, this salubrious Cordial is a safe and certain remedy, comforting the stomach and bowels, bracing the solids, and giving tone to the whole nervous system." It would suit me, I feel, particularly at this season, down to the ground.



THE MOST REV. C. F. GARBETT, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, WHO DIED ON DECEMBER 31 AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY.

Dr. Cyril Garbett, who had been Archbishop of York since 1942, died peacefully at York on the last day of 1955. He had announced his intention to resign some time early this year, and in the New Year Honours it was announced that a barony was to have been conferred on him. Dr. Garbett was ordained in 1900, having read History at Keble College, Oxford. From 1900 to 1919 he was at Portsea, first as a curate and later as Vicar. In 1919 he was consecrated as Bishop of Southwark, whence he was translated to Winchester in 1932. In 1942 Dr. Garbett accepted the Archbishopric of York. Dr. Garbett was well known for his great work as a social reformer and for his wise pronouncements, both in speeches and in books, on the problems facing the church of his day.

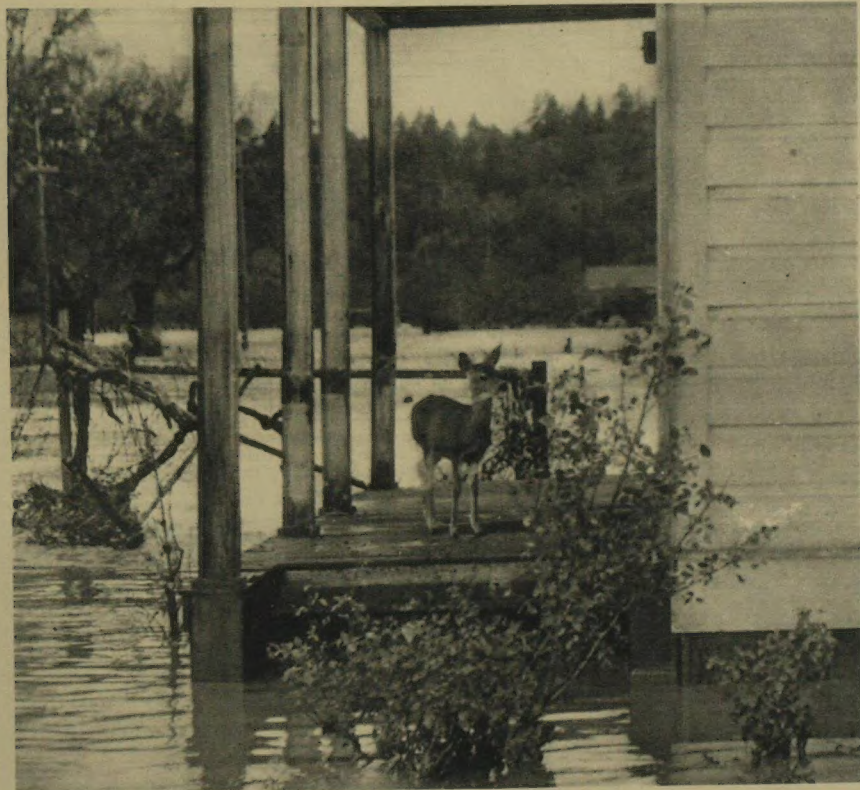
A MAJOR AMERICAN FLOOD DISASTER.



DURING THE WESTERN AMERICAN FLOODS WHICH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER PROCLAIMED A "MAJOR DISASTER": A FLOODED ROAD JUST SOUTH OF SAN FRANCISCO.



THE KLAMATH RIVER ROARING THROUGH KLAMATH, N. CALIFORNIA. ABANDONED BY ALL ITS 500 INHABITANTS, THIS TOWN WAS EVENTUALLY COVERED BY 18 FT. OF WATER.

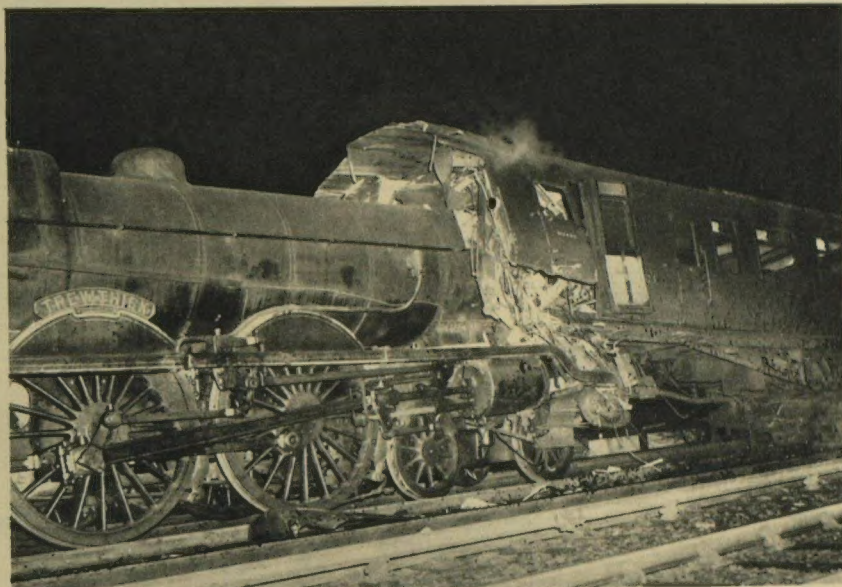


A YEARLING MAROONED: A YOUNG DEER TAKES REFUGE FROM THE FLOOD WATERS OF THE RUSSIAN RIVER, IN CALIFORNIA, ON THE PORCH OF THIS HOUSE IN HEALDSBURG.

Severe floods affected parts of California, Oregon and Nevada on December 22; and grew worse on December 23 when several rivers swollen with heavy continuous rains burst their banks and the disaster grew into one of the worst floods of recent years. At Marysville, California, at the junction of the Yuba and Feather Rivers, all 12,500 inhabitants were evacuated to Yuba, but later had to flee still further when this town was evacuated. On December 23 President Eisenhower declared the Californian floods a "major disaster" and authorised financial aid on a "blank cheque" basis. On December 26 the floods began to recede, but more heavy rain in north-central California again flooded Yuba, but since nearly all its 7800 inhabitants had already left, there was no further loss of life. By December 27 it was known that sixty persons had lost their lives, 4600 were housed in temporary shelters and the damage was estimated at £35,000,000.

THREE RAILWAY CRASHES IN FORTY HOURS.

No fewer than three railway crashes occurred in England in a period of forty hours just before Christmas. The first of the three was at 4.45 a.m. on December 22, when the Thames-Clyde express from London to Glasgow crashed into the rear of the Thames-Forth express from London to Edinburgh, which was standing in Hellfield station, near Settle, Yorkshire. The fact that the Glasgow train was travelling at reduced speed probably averted a disaster and only one person was injured. The second of the series of crashes occurred at Luton station just before 8 p.m. on the same day when an express from St. Pancras to Derby ran into the back of a slow train from St. Pancras to Leicester. One person was killed and over twenty were injured. On the following day, December 23, yet another train crashed into the back of a stationary one in a collision which occurred at 8.29 p.m. just outside Woking station, when the 7.54 p.m. steam train from Waterloo to Basingstoke hit the rear of the 7.50 p.m. electric train from Waterloo to Portsmouth. Fourteen people were injured.



OUTSIDE WOKING STATION ON DECEMBER 23: THE ENGINE OF A WATERLOO TO BASINGSTOKE STEAM TRAIN EMBEDDED IN THE REAR COACH OF AN ELECTRIC TRAIN.



AT HELLIFIELD STATION, YORKSHIRE: THE SCENE AFTER AN EXPRESS TRAIN FROM LONDON TO GLASGOW CRASHED INTO THE REAR OF A STATIONARY EXPRESS ON DECEMBER 22.



AT LUTON STATION: FIREMEN SEARCHING A WRECKED COACH AFTER AN EXPRESS RAN INTO THE REAR OF A STATIONARY TRAIN ON DECEMBER 22.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: AND SOME RECIPIENTS OF THE NEW YEAR HONOURS.



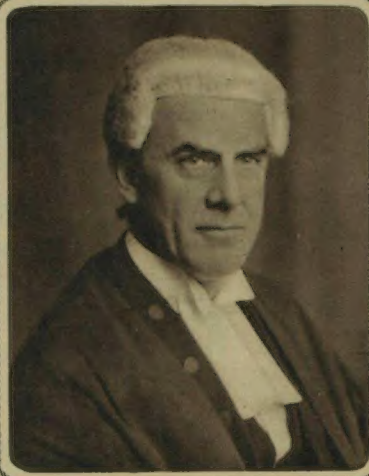
DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. WILLIAM LYONS.
Mr. William Lyons, who has been designated a Knight Bachelor in the New Year Honours list, is Chairman and Managing Director of Jaguar Cars Ltd., Coventry.



CREATED A BARON: COLONEL THE HON. J. J. ASTOR.
Colonel the Hon. John Astor, who has been created a Baron for public services, is chairman of The Times Publishing Company. He was M.P. for the Dover Division of Kent from 1922 to 1945.



CREATED A BARON: SIR FREDERICK GODBER.
Sir Frederick Godber, who is chairman and managing director of Shell Transport and Trading Co., Ltd., has been created a Baron. He was wartime chairman of the Overseas Supply Committee of the Petroleum Board.



CREATED A BARON: SIR RAYMOND EVERSHED.
Sir (Francis) Raymond Evershed has been created a Baron. He has been Master of the Rolls since 1949 and is a U.K. Member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. T. O'BRIEN, M.P.
Mr. Tom O'Brien is a member of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress and is the General Secretary of the National Association of Theatrical and Kine Employees.



DESIGNATED A D.B.E.: MISS MARGOT FONTEYN.
Miss Margot Fonteyn (Mme. Roberto de Arias) is designated a Dame of the British Empire, for services to the ballet. She is Prima Ballerina of the Sadler's Wells Ballet.



APPOINTED A COMPANION OF HONOUR: VISCOUNT CECIL OF CHELWOOD.
Viscount Cecil of Chelwood has been appointed a Companion of Honour for public services. He won the Nobel Peace Prize for 1937 and is Honorary Life President of the United Nations Association.



APPOINTED A COMPANION OF HONOUR: MR. ARTHUR WALEY.
Mr. Arthur Waley, who has been appointed a Companion of Honour for services to the study of Chinese literature, is well known for his translations. He won the Queen's Medal for Poetry in 1953.



APPOINTED A COMPANION OF HONOUR: SIR JOHN KOTELAWALA.
Colonel Sir John Kotelawala, who has been Prime Minister of Ceylon since 1953, is appointed a Companion of Honour. He has had a long and distinguished political career in Ceylon.



DESIGNATED A D.B.E.: THE COUNTESS OF ALBEMARLE.
Diana Cicely, Countess of Albemarle, has been Chairman of the Development Commission since 1948 and is a Member of the Arts Council as well as several other public bodies.



DESIGNATED A K.C.V.O.: PROFESSOR A. E. RICHARDSON.
Professor A. E. Richardson was re-elected President of the Royal Academy last year. He is a distinguished architect and has been Professor of Architecture at the R.A. since 1947.



DESIGNATED A C.B.E.: GROUP CAPTAIN BADER.
Group Captain D. R. S. Bader, the leg-less fighter ace, has been designated a Commander of the Order of the British Empire for his services to the disabled.



DESIGNATED A C.B.E.: MISS AGATHA CHRISTIE.
Miss Agatha Christie (Mrs. Agatha M. C. Mallowan), the well-known author of detective stories, has been designated a Commander of the Order of the British Empire.



DESIGNATED A C.B.E.: LADY ZIA WERNHER.
Lady Anastasia (Zia) Wernher, the wife of Sir Harold Wernher, has been designated a C.B.E. for political and public services in Bedfordshire.



DESIGNATED A C.B.E.: MISS C. V. WEDGWOOD.
Miss Cicely V. Wedgwood is well known as an author and historian. Her most recent book was "The King's Peace." She is a director of *Time and Tide*, to which she often contributes.



DESIGNATED A C.B.E.: MR. L. P. HARTLEY.
Mr. L. P. Hartley is a well-known author and critic. He contributed for many years to the *Sketch*. Among his recent successful novels is "The Go-Between."



DESIGNATED A C.B.E.: MR. PAUL SCOFIELD.
Mr. Paul Scofield, the noted actor, has recently played "Hamlet" in Moscow, and is now appearing with the same company in London. He has played at Stratford on Avon.



DESIGNATED A C.B.E.: PROFESSOR E. K. WATERHOUSE.
Professor Waterhouse is Barber Professor of Fine Arts and Director of the Barber Institute at the University of Birmingham, and is the author of several books.



DEATH OF A MINING EXPERT: SIR RICHARD REDMAYNE.
Sir Richard Redmayne, who was for twelve years Chief Inspector of Mines, died at his home in Hertfordshire, on December 28, aged ninety. He had already had some twenty years' experience in mining when he was appointed Professor of Mining at Birmingham in 1902. He became Chief Inspector of Mines in 1908.



THE GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE T.G.W.U. DIES: MR. A. E. TIFFIN.
The General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, Mr. Tiffin, died on December 27, aged fifty-nine. His balanced influence on the Trade Union and Labour movements earned him wide admiration. He succeeded the late Arthur Deakin as General Secretary of the T.G.W.U. on June 15 last.



INVENTOR OF THE CULBERTSON SYSTEM: THE LATE MR. ELY CULBERTSON.
Mr. Ely Culbertson, who introduced the Culbertson System of contract bridge, died on December 28, at the age of sixty-four. The son of an American oil prospector, he was born in Rumania, and did not arrive in the United States until 1922. He and his first wife became the leading exponents of contract bridge.



A GREAT ANTI-MALARIA PIONEER: THE LATE SIR MALCOLM WATSON.
Sir Malcolm Watson, one of the world's foremost authorities on malaria, died at his home in Surrey, on December 28, aged eighty-two. After a brilliant academic career at Glasgow and London Universities, he was appointed to the Malayan Medical Service in 1901, where he began his great work on malaria.

FROM THE JUNGLE TO THE CONFERENCE TABLE: MALAYAN COMMUNISTS AT THE TRUCE TALKS.



(ABOVE.)
ENTERING BALING FOR THE CONFERENCE:
AN ARMOURD COLUMN ESCORTING THE
THREE COMMUNIST DELEGATES WHO HAD
BEEN CONTACTED IN THE NEAR-BY JUNGLE.

IN the village schoolroom at Baling, North Malaya, on December 28, three men who had just been escorted from the jungle where they had been operating against British security forces for over seven years, met the Chief Minister of the Federation of Malaya, Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Chief Minister of Singapore, Mr. David Marshall, and the head of the Malayan Chinese Association, Sir Cheng Lock-Tan, for discussions on the possibility of ceasing armed hostilities. Contact with the three Communist leaders had been made by arrangement in a small jungle clearing, some twenty miles away from the conference place. The discussions commenced after luncheon, and the first point made by the Communists—Chin Peng, Chen Tian and Abdul Rashid bin Maiden—was that recognition of the Communist Party was a primary matter. They were told, however, that the two Governments would require the dissolution of the Communist Party, and the abjuration by individual Communists of all activities directed against the elected Governments. Tunku Abdul Rahman stated that no loyalty investigation would be necessary for those wishing to go back to China. These conditions were unacceptable to the Communists, and the talks thereupon came to a fruitless end. The amnesty offered to the Communists last year is due to expire on February 8, and it is expected that the campaign against them will be intensified.

(RIGHT.)
THE SCENE OF THE TALKS: THE ENGLISH
SCHOOL AT BALING, NORTH MALAYA. THE
CONFERENCE ROOM IS SEEN ON THE RIGHT
OF THE PHOTOGRAPH.



NEGOTIATING WITH THE OUTLAWED COMMUNIST LEADERS: (R. TO L., SEATED) SIR CHENG LOCK-TAN, HEAD OF THE MALAYAN CHINESE ASSOCIATION, TUNKU ABDUL RAHMAN, THE MALAYAN CHIEF MINISTER, AND MR. DAVID MARSHALL, CHIEF MINISTER OF SINGAPORE.



AN ACQUAINTANCE RENEWED: MR. JOHN DAVIES (RIGHT), A SENIOR DISTRICT OFFICER, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THE COMMUNIST LEADER, CHIN PENG (SECOND FROM LEFT), WHOM HE KNEW DURING THE WAR WITH JAPAN, AND THE TWO COMMUNIST ADVISERS.



FROM THE JUNGLE TO THE CONFERENCE TABLE: THE OUTLAWED MALAYAN COMMUNIST LEADER, CHIN PENG (CENTRE), AND HIS ADVISERS, ABDUL RASHID BIN MAIDEN (LEFT) AND CHEN TIAN. THEIR TRUCE TALKS WITH FEDERATION LEADERS WERE UNSUCCESSFUL.

RICHARD III—THE CASE FOR THE DEFENCE.

"RICHARD THE THIRD"; By PAUL MURRAY KENDALL.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

TO the mass of the population Richard III has long been the most eminent monster and bogeyman amongst all our monarchs, with never a voice to say a word for him. Henry VIII, who was guilty of far more cold-blooded murders than Richard has ever been charged with, is still frequently referred to as "bluff King Hal," but nobody has ever spoken of "jolly King Dick." The Tudor chroniclers, having little alternative as they were working under successful usurpers, left a picture of an unmitigated blackguard, deformed physically as well as mentally. Shakespeare, careering through a succession of reigns (though, unfortunately, omitting that of Edward IV, a cultivated and brilliant Renaissance Prince, six-foot-four, and reputedly the handsomest man in Europe—which is not confirmed by the daub of a portrait in the National Portrait Gallery—and a character after Shakespeare's own heart, but he had the drawback of being York instead of Lancaster) came to Richard III and took his information from the easiest accessible sources and produced a melodrama with a central figure whose utter villainy, resolution and bravery tempts every ambitious young actor who wishes to cut a figure on the stage—the rival "Player-King" being Richard II, the self-pitying introvert whose every speech is poetry, as compared with his namesake, the extravert, who fights and rants. Tradition has passed on to us a Richard who was as horrible as Bluebeard: it is difficult to resist Shakespeare: people even argue about the character of Hamlet, as though he were a real historical figure, and the records about him ample for analysis. And yet, largely as this monstrous character has for centuries loomed in our minds, there has not until now been a full, thorough, scholarly, accurate biography of him. Now that it has come, it has come from an American professor (his University is not stated, but it looks like Ohio) who has got down to his job in the most determined and disinterested way.

At this point I can hear a susurrus of voices murmuring from all over the globe (not because of me but because this periodical circulates so widely) "What about the Princes in the Tower?" That is precisely the point which Professor Kendall has been unable to settle. "The available evidence," he says (and doubts have been expressed from Horace Walpole to Sir Clements Markham and beyond), "admits of no decisive solution. Richard may well have committed the crime, or been ultimately responsible for its commission. The Duke of Buckingham may well have committed the crime, or persuaded Richard to allow its commission. What is inaccurate, misleading, and merely tiresome is for modern writers to declare flatly that Richard is guilty or to retail as fact the outworn tale of Thomas More. The problem owns more shades than are represented by the all-black or all-white which have hitherto usually been employed in attempts to solve this famous enigma. It eludes us, like Hamlet: we cannot pluck out the heart of its mystery. But at least we can do better than Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who thought there was no mystery at all." That somebody murdered King Edward V and his brother has received seeming confirmation in our own time by the discovery and measurement of two male skeletons of the right age in the Tower. Professor Kendall here seems to me a shade too sceptical. He says that the Tower saw so many tragedies that we

cannot be certain that these boys are those boys; the Tower, for centuries, was a comfortable prison for illustrious prisoners but, although Tower Hill was a place of execution, the Tower was not a slaughterhouse. The Princes—or the King and the Prince—were murdered and buried there. Some think that Henry VII murdered them: that man, who had no claim to the throne at all and tried to fortify himself by a Yorkist marriage, kept for years in durance the young Warwick, son of the Duke of Clarence, and then killed him, as his son killed other surviving Plantagenets.



ELDEST BROTHER OF RICHARD III AND KING OF ENGLAND FROM 1461-70 AND 1471-83: EDWARD IV (1442-1483).



RICHARD PLANTAGENET, AFTERWARDS DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND LATER KING RICHARD THE THIRD (1452-1485).



ACKNOWLEDGED AS KING AFTER HE DEFEATED AND KILLED RICHARD III AT BOSWORTH FIELD: HENRY VII (1457-1509)

These photographs from portraits by unknown artists are reproduced by courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery and from the book "Richard the Third"; by courtesy of the publishers, George Allen and Unwin.

There are long periods during which the author can record little personally of this enigmatic king—who must have been a character to have become such a legend. Meanwhile, he has to narrate the dreadful progress of the "Wars of the Roses." Roses, Red and White, very Romantic no doubt to the youthful ear: but the conflict at the time was ghastly. The feudal system, which gave every man his rights and his duties, had broken down; the nobles were divided in

their allegiance between York and Lancaster, Warwick "the King-Maker" being apparently neutral, and rival armies, led by Royal persons and their noble adherents, and those adherents' retainers roamed the country from south to north and clove each other in twain for reasons which do not seem sufficient to us. I think it was Horace Round who said that after the Battle of Tewkesbury a Norman Baron was as rare in England as a wolf. Persons of Norman descent, and later French descent, common enough. Families notable here, still survive; witness the Stanleys and the Talbots. But there was a general extermination in all those chivalrous battles of most of the oldest families in England.

Professor Kendall produces a graphic picture of the age, and has made the fullest use of the documents at his disposal. Even he can't make much sense of those wandering wars, with good and brave people being killed in every action, and the vigorous will at the back of it the resolute Queen of Henry VI, Margaret of Anjou, who thought dynastically, and not nationally. Her son was butchered: the whole book is full of butchery. Yet, in the background, are a man and a country rather overlooked by Professor Kendall.

The man was Henry VI. He is mentioned occasionally as dim, weak, sane or insane; his portrait is included, that of an intense, intellectual, humane man, thrown into a violent world, and married to a tigress. Chesterton, when he wrote his "Short History of England," showed little academic proficiency and noted hardly any, if any, dates. But his instinct was right, and he spoke of "the strength of the weak Kings." Henry III and Richard II were promoters of art and architecture. Henry VI was a patron of John Dunstable, the first great English composer of music, whom Purcell would have regarded as a peer, built Eton, and planned a whole college at Cambridge of which King's College Chapel, noble in itself, is a fragmentary indication.

The country was this country. While the princes and the noblemen were contesting, reckless of their own lives or of others, for power, the mass of the population, retainers of nobody, were proceeding on their way. I think it was Thorold Rogers (but I am harking back fifty years) who said that the English agricultural labourer was happier and better-off in the fifteenth century than he ever was before or after. But, though that may be disputed, it is quite certain that a very large number of our beautiful parish churches were put up in the fifteenth century.

The Edwards, the Richards, the Georges, and the Nevilles and the Cliffords wandered north, south, east and west, hacking and hewing each other; but the squires and the farmers prospered, and raised towers to God. Richard the III, when made a Knight, kept his vigil, and vowed to be a true Knight.

There are those who think that he drowned his brother Clarence in a butt of Malmsey. Clarence, handsome and dashing, conspired over and over again against his brother Edward IV (the English Lorenzo

di Medici) and was certainly executed, possibly in a butt of wine at his own request. There is no evidence that Richard took part in the drowning.

This is a book about the nastiest period in English history, except the later Civil War. First-class men were killing each other.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 32 of this issue.

* "Richard the Third." By Paul Murray Kendall. Illustrated. (Allen and Unwin; 30s.)



QUEEN VICTORIA PRESENTING THE FIRST VICTORIA CROSSES: A WATER-COLOUR PAINTING, POSSIBLY BY CONSTANTIN GUYS, OF THE 1857 INVESTITURE. MOUNTED IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND ARE PRINCE ALFRED AND THE PRINCE OF WALES. ON HORSEBACK NEXT TO THEM IS PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM. ON THE RIGHT, MOUNTED, ARE THE PRINCE CONSORT AND FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT COMBERMERE. SIR CHARLES WOOD, IN NAVAL UNIFORM, STANDS BEHIND THE SEAMAN, FACING THE QUEEN; SLIGHTLY OBSCURED BY THE SEAMAN IS SIR GEORGE WETHERALL IN ARMY UNIFORM; AND LORD PANMURE WAITS ON THE QUEEN'S LEFT.



A GRAND AND GLITTERING CAVALCADE OF MOUNTED TROOPS, INFANTRY, MARINES AND BLUEJACKETS: THE SCENE IN HYDE PARK DURING THE FIRST INVESTITURE OF THE VICTORIA CROSS HELD BY QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1857. AN ENGRAVING FROM *THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS* OF JULY 4, 1857.

THE CENTENARY OF BRITAIN'S PREMIER AWARD FOR VALOUR: TWO CONTEMPORARY RECORDS SHOWING QUEEN VICTORIA PRESENTING THE FIRST VICTORIA CROSSES IN HYDE PARK.

The Crimean War brought to light many instances of extreme personal gallantry for which there existed no adequate acknowledgement. What was needed was an award of no great material benefit but which signified more than any other honour it was possible to bestow, the conspicuous gallantry of the serving man, of whatever rank, in the presence of the enemy. The answer was the Victoria Cross. Founded by Royal Warrant dated January 29, 1856, it was originally cast in gun-metal from cannon captured at Sebastopol. The design and the simple inscription, "For Valour," were chosen by Queen Victoria on January 5, 1856. The first distribution of the Victoria Cross—to sixty-one officers and men of the Royal Navy, the Royal Marines and the Army—took place on the morning of June 26, 1857, in Hyde Park. Before ten o'clock, a grand and glittering cavalcade of mounted troops, infantry, marines and bluejackets had assembled in the Park to await the Queen's arrival from Buckingham Palace. At a few minutes to the hour, the horse artillery unlimbered their guns, and a flash of fire, a wreath of smoke, and the report of a gun announced that the Queen had entered the Park. Her Majesty was mounted on a roan charger, and wore a riding-habit

with dark blue skirt and scarlet jacket and a gold-embroidered sash over the left shoulder; like all the members of the Royal party in uniform, her Majesty wore a black crepe band round the left arm in mourning for the recently-deceased Prince Charles of Leiningen. A black riding-hat, with gold band and red and white feathers, completed the Queen's ensemble. The Prince Consort wore the uniform of a Field Marshal and Prince Frederick William that of the Prussian Guards. The Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred wore Highland tartans, and rode ponies. The ceremony of decoration commenced, the recipients advancing one by one and being introduced by Sir Charles Wood (Navy) and Sir George Wetherall (Army). The Secretary-at-War, Lord Panmure, was in close attendance, and himself handed the Crosses to the Queen, who affixed them, with a smile, to the heroes' jackets. All sixty-one decorations were bestowed in little more than ten minutes. The occasion is depicted in a water-colour painting, reproduced above, which may have been the work of Constantin Guys (who was a special artist for *The Illustrated London News* covering the Crimean War) and in an engraving which appeared in *The Illustrated London News* of July 4, 1857.



ANTICIPATION: CHRISTINE GAZES DOWN AT THE TREE FROM THE STAIRCASE.



REALISATION: CHRISTINE PLAYS WITH ONE OF HER NEW TOYS BY THE TREE.



UNCERTAINTY: CHRISTINE IS NOT QUITE SURE WHAT TO MAKE OF THE BABY DOLL.



TEMPTATION: CHRISTINE TRIES TO SEE JUST WHAT THE TREE IS MADE OF.



FRUSTRATION: THE TREE HAS FALLEN OVER AND CHRISTINE IS SUBDUED.



CONSOLATION: THREE BIG CANDY STICKS COMPLETE CHRISTINE'S PERFECT DAY.

CHRISTINE'S WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS: EVENTS IN A YOUNG CHIMPANZEE'S EXCITING DAY.

In 1953 we first introduced our readers to *Christine*, the baby chimpanzee which was adopted by Miss Lilo Hess in 1952 and has since been brought up at her home in Pennsylvania. *Christine* appeared to enjoy Christmas with much the same kind of naive glee as a small child of the same age. After viewing the gaily-decorated tree

from a vantage-place on the stairs, the young chimp was soon playing with her new toys. In her enthusiasm the tree got knocked over and *Christine* whimpered with fright, but she was soon reassured and the gift of three large candy sticks proved a great consolation. [Colour photographs by Lilo Hess.]



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



FOOD OF FOXES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

disinclined to attack, except under the spur of great hunger. There would be differences, depending upon

temperament, just as there are in domestic dogs. I know, for example, of dogs that will habitually kill a hedgehog, turning it over and nipping it at its only vulnerable spot and totally disregarding the effects of the prickles. Others will bark at a hedgehog, even roll it over with a paw, but will go no further than this.

It is the opinion of those who know foxes best that poultry stealing, the arch-crime of which these animals are popularly accused, is localised and, relatively speaking, not common. The vixen who takes to poultry teaches her cubs to do the same, and so in a given district the raiding becomes a local habit. What percentage of foxes do this is, however, unknown, but it would appear to be not high. Since rabbits were severely reduced in number, especial attention has been directed to finding out what foxes feed upon. Stomachs of dead foxes have been opened and the contents examined, and in the majority the remains of rats and mice have been found. It is also realised now that they take far more vegetable food than would have been supposed, and there is at least one instance of an alleged poultry-stealer being killed with its stomach filled with vegetable matter only. It is not in their diet alone that we are lamentably ignorant of the ways of these familiar beasts.

Foxes are credited also with eating hedgehogs, and quite by accident we had an interesting side-light on this last summer. Somebody had brought us a hedgehog, as the easiest means of getting rid of it, and since we wanted to study it before releasing it, we built a run for it. That had to be done quickly and the question arose as to where the hedgehog could be placed temporarily without risk of its running away. The hedgehog run was planned near the fox's pen, and since it was then afternoon, a time when *Foxie* normally enjoyed his siesta, the hedgehog was placed in his pen, where we could keep an eye on it.

Before long, *Foxie* emerged, stretched and yawned, and began to inspect the ball of prickles. His first approach was remarkably cautious. With his ears laid back he slowly circled several times, at a safe distance of at least 1 ft. At intervals he would stop, extend his muzzle towards the hedgehog and sniff. Then he would turn and circle it in the other direction, treading daintily all the time and obviously ready for immediate retreat. Slowly the fox gained confidence and his circling brought him nearer to the hedgehog, which all the time remained completely rolled in a ball.

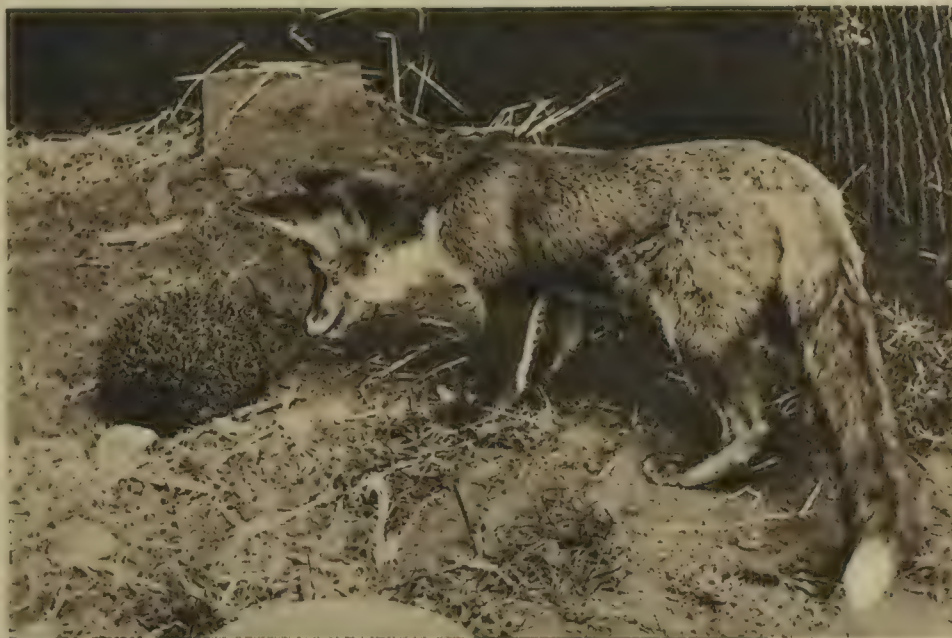
Every now and then *Foxie* would pause to sniff and quickly leap back. Bit by bit he explored this strange object, always with every sign of suspicion, curiosity and caution, but with a slowly growing confidence until, very, very cautiously he pushed the tip of his nose right up to the hedgehog's palisade of spines. He must have pricked the tip of his nose on one of the spines, for he suddenly leapt directly backwards about 2 ft. At all events, he was content from then onwards to survey the hedgehog from a safe distance, with much raising and lowering of the head, as he habitually does when not sure of something. Eventually, he retired to his earth and went to sleep.

Needless to say, I was ready throughout this performance to intervene should the fox have shown signs of attacking the urchin to the point of doing it bodily damage. But my presence, I am sure, in no way altered the course of events.

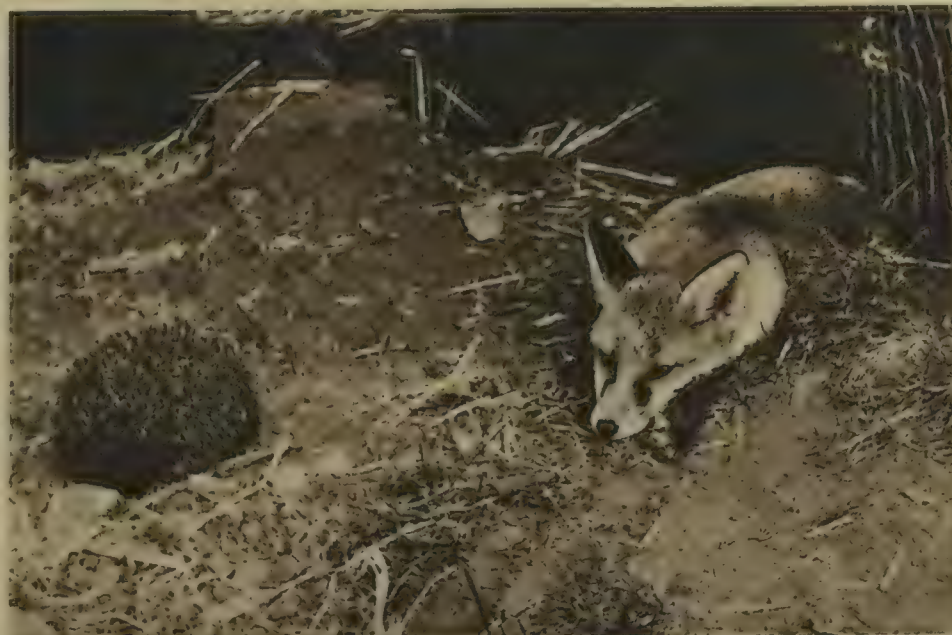
We were here watching a well-fed fox, and to that extent it tells us little of the reactions of a truly hungry fox. In so far as we can judge from the performance I feel confident that many wild foxes would show the same caution and suspicion and would be just as



INVESTIGATING THE STRANGE VISITOR: *FOXIE* HAS HIS FIRST SIGHT OF A HEDGEHOG. THE KEYNOTE OF HIS APPROACH IS CAUTION AND SUSPICION, AND HE CIRCLES THE HEDGEHOG AT WHAT HE CONSIDERS TO BE A SAFE DISTANCE.



"SHALL I RISK IT?": THE HEDGEHOG HAS MADE NO MOVEMENT, SO *FOXIE*, GROWING BOLDER, TAKES A CLOSER LOOK WITH EARS, EYES AND NOSE ON THE ALERT.



PERHAPS DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR: *FOXIE*, HAVING PRICKED HIS NOSE BUT FOUND NO OTHER RESPONSE FROM THE HEDGEHOG, LOSES INTEREST, BUT LIES DOWN NEAR BY JUST IN CASE SOMETHING DOES HAPPEN.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

My personal observations of canine behaviour towards hedgehogs are mainly concerned with our own dog. Every now and then, when he is let out after dark, a tremendous barking tells us that he has found a hedgehog. Although heavy and big-built, he contents himself with barking at close quarters to the ball of prickles, which must sound like the crack of doom in the sensitive ears of the hedgehog. Our practice is to call him off as quickly as possible, usually successful only by taking his collar and pulling him away.

On one occasion, by the time I could reach them, the dog had done more than bark, and examining the marks in the short grass of the lawn it was very clear what had happened. He had put a paw under a hedgehog and had flipped it about 2 ft., and this he had done three times before I reached him. The torn turf in three places, the claw marks in the turf at each point gave eloquent testimony to what had happened. He had, in fact, rolled the hedgehog 6 ft. in a straight line across the turf, and presumably would have continued this had there been no interference.

It is easy to imagine that a fox might do something similar. If the encounter were near a stream, the moment could arise when the fox would, quite accidentally, flick the hedgehog into the water. We know that a hedgehog, finding itself in water, will unroll and swim. I have seen hedgehogs that have accidentally fallen into water and have taken them out. Never, at any time, in such a situation has the hedgehog attempted to roll up the whole time it was being handled. If it reacted in the same way to the presence of a fox, there is no reason to suppose that the fox would not attack it at its most vulnerable spot. This is, of course, arguing by analogy, but it supports and is supported by the widespread belief that a fox will roll a hedgehog into water to make it unroll.

Putting two and two together, I would suggest that foxes may have done precisely this, that people have seen it done and that that is the reason for this piece of so-called folklore, which could so easily be founded on fact. I would suggest, however, that it is not done deliberately as the result of a reasoning on the part of the fox. It might happen the first time by sheer accident. It is not improbable that once it has happened by accident, the same fox might the next time do it deliberately, having learned by experience. And if the fox were a vixen, it is not beyond the bounds of probability that the lesson could be passed on to her cubs.

I must confess to a particular liking for examining so-called folklore or legends in the light of more precise knowledge. From the example taken here a positive conclusion seems to emerge. Folklore, by which I mean more especially a certain kind of popular natural history belief, is apt to be stated in dogmatic terms. In this instance, it would be: "Foxes roll hedgehogs to water to make them unroll." If, however, we say: "It is possible that a fox may sometimes roll a hedgehog to water, accidentally or otherwise," then we can have more faith in it.

CHANGES in the structure of the Reserve Army, and consequently in its rôle in war, were announced on December 20 by the Secretary of State for War, Mr. Antony Head. They had long been expected, and their general character had been foretold. The factor on which they are based is, of course, recent developments in nuclear weapons. The older plan of sending abroad from ten to twelve reserve divisions has for some time appeared impossible to fulfil; it is, in fact, difficult to forecast what movement of land forces would be practicable in a global and nuclear war. And it must be confessed that this change might well have been recognised—or, presuming that it had been recognised, announced—some time ago. Change in rôle has not, however, made change in structure a necessity. There, I cannot doubt, financial considerations have had a part in the new policy announced by Mr. Head.

The main feature of the statement in the House of Commons was that only two Territorial divisions would "remain organised at full scale, together with the necessary supporting troops." I put these words into inverted commas because they have been assumed to mean that all the other divisions of the Territorial Army would be reduced in establishment. *The Times*, for instance, headed its report of the announcement with the caption: "Only Two T.A. Divisions to Stay at Full Strength." I have been unable to get confirmation of any substantial cutting down, except in the matter of supporting troops. These two divisions are part of the country's commitment to N.A.T.O. and will, therefore, naturally require supporting troops on a full scale. The Territorial Army has up to now contained two armoured divisions and a mixed division, which are now due to be converted into infantry divisions; but six armoured units are to be retained for the support of the British N.A.T.O. divisions. The airborne division is to be reduced to a parachute brigade group.

Certain other changes are incidental to these arrangements. Apart from the two divisions and the supporting troops for the commitment to N.A.T.O., extra-divisional artillery will not, it is stated, be needed; a number of artillery units not included in divisional artillery will thus have to be converted to other rôles. Various units of the Army Emergency Reserve will have to be disbanded, but it is hoped that most of the volunteers in their ranks will be given the opportunity to transfer to other units. The Territorial Army bounty is to be increased from £12 to £20 after a period of three years' service, with a similar increase for the Army Emergency Reserve. The Home Guard goes back to a reserve basis, a skeleton command structure being retained to keep plans up-to-date and maintain the register. It has always been assumed that the revived Home Guard was the child of Sir Winston Churchill and only a step-daughter of the present Prime Minister. In any case it was revived when danger was more urgent than now.

One of the main reasons for the new policy is to be found in the difficulty of transporting large formations overseas in time of war. It may be asked why, if two are earmarked for transportation, three or four could not have been. The only answer I can give is that they could have been earmarked, but that there can in any case be no guarantee that the two earmarked for the N.A.T.O. commitment could be sent abroad. As regards the 16th Airborne Division and its reduction to a parachute brigade group, the future seems to point to troops landed from aircraft—but not in gliders—playing a rôle even more important than parachutists. On the other hand, such troops, intended for an immediate tactical rôle, require special aircraft which can land on rough, confined, improvised landing grounds. Here the barrier is doubtless the difficulty, if not impossibility, of obtaining such aircraft. In other words, the financial element appears once more.

Our Territorial divisions are probably the best in the world to-day. Like all reserve formations, however, it is exceedingly difficult to give them the final training polish to fit them to go into action in modern war. For that purpose they have first to be embodied for a much longer period than their annual training, and this is not possible under our present military structure. Three months' formation training would be none too long. Circumstances might arise, though the probability is the contrary, in which a period of extra tension preceded hostilities and led to mobilisation of the Territorial Army. In no case can a reserve division be expected to equal a well-trained regular division in efficiency at the start of active service, though past experience shows that it may later reach a higher standard. In the First World War the 51st (Highland) Division was rated by its own side and the enemy as superior to some of the regular divisions.

What, then, is to be the rôle of the Territorial divisions other than the two committed to the demands of N.A.T.O.? In the first place, they will be required for home defence. They will also be required to stand by for aid in civil defence, for which purpose I should

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE FUTURE OF THE RESERVE ARMY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

suppose that at least officers and non-commissioned officers would require some special instruction. I understand that the next training period may include exercises connected with civil defence. These divisions will also form a potential strategic reserve. In the event of a long war it might be possible to furnish them with supporting troops once more and then use them in any rôle for which they were needed. Meanwhile, they will retain their divisional organisation, which is remarkably, though accidentally, suited to special requirements, such as aid in civil defence. The reorganisation will, of course, be made gradually,

the lines of parachute brigades in airborne divisions. It might even contain a battalion for landing in aircraft. Its exact organisation may not be announced. But it seems an unnecessary precaution to withhold the numbers of the two designated N.A.T.O. divisions. As soon as they know they are chosen, wives and sweethearts must know also.

I am told that tactical experts do not consider that armoured divisions are particularly needed for home defence. If they are right, there is clearly no great loss in converting the existing Territorial divisions to other rôles. I must, however, own that I find this

view astonishing. Home defence must include defence against invasion, and it is hard to agree that armour would not be valuable in such a task. The break-up of an armoured division must involve the loss of skill of various kinds, and it is much easier to abolish such a formation and abandon such skill than to remake them. Once again, I am led to assume that the financial factor is not unconnected with this decision. This is obviously pressing. As I wrote a fortnight ago in the article entitled "Officers' Wives," increased pay is necessary and almost certain. There will not be money for all that is desirable.

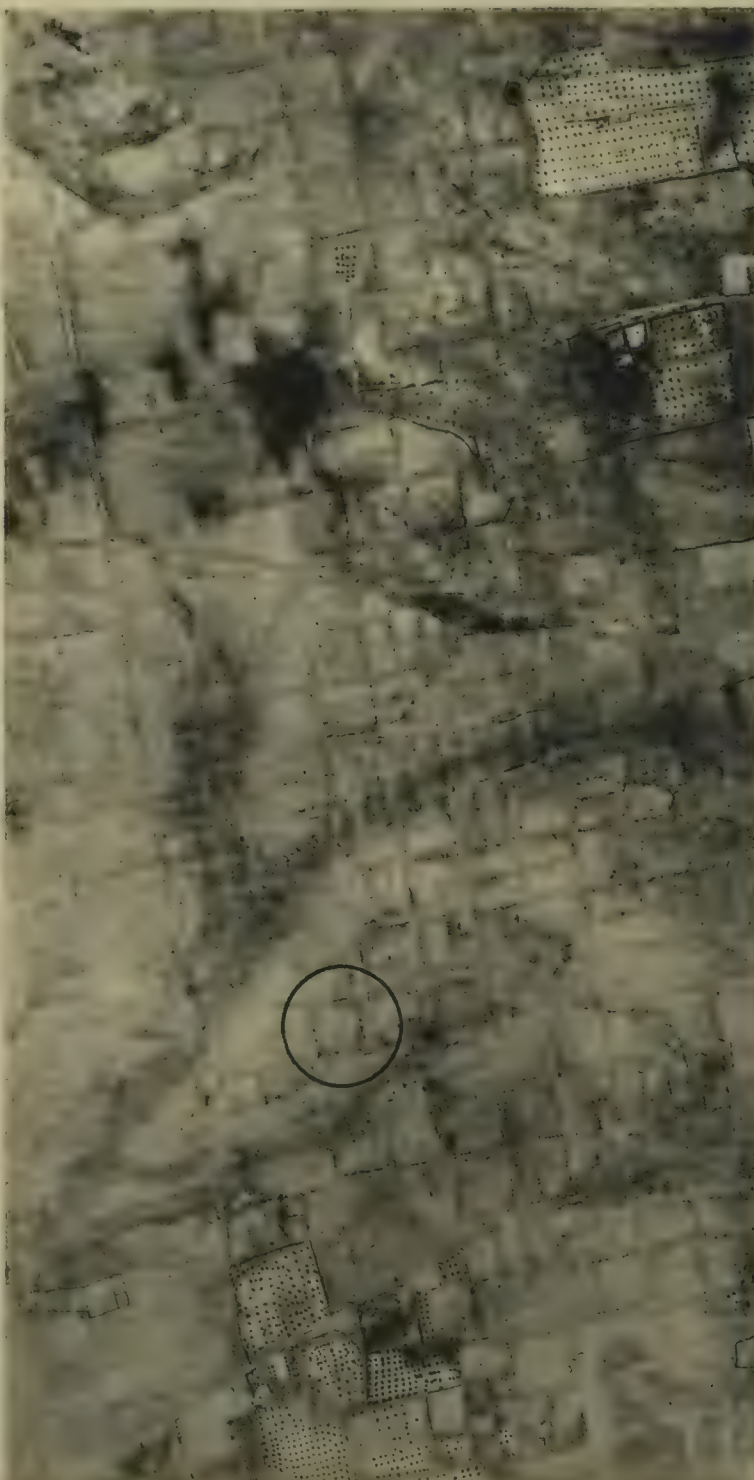
What I do find somewhat disquieting is that, though we have been careful to maintain our N.A.T.O. commitments, the world will look upon the new plans for the Army as a reduction of our fighting strength. As the second strongest partner in N.A.T.O., our general strength, apart from our particular promises, is closely scanned. Belgium, Holland, Norway and Greece have already reduced their fighting strength in one way or another; that of France in Europe has sunk to a small fraction of what it was, though this may not be permanent unless French troubles in Africa prove to be. Though the subject is a matter of argument, it looks as though the possibility of a future world war being fought without the hydrogen bomb is slightly greater than it was. If so, the need for "conventional" forces will be greater than ever. Those available to the West are notoriously deficient in strength at present. I am not condemning the new plan, but worried about its interpretation.

The Russian attitude has been curious. Most people expected the atmosphere of the earlier of last year's conferences at Geneva to be maintained, even if it were only for the purpose of exploiting the world's longing for peace. Yet the Soviet Government, above all the perambulating Mr. Krushchev, have gone out of their way to show that it stands for no real change, with the result that the "Geneva spirit" has practically evaporated. The underlying reason for a reversal of policy—or professed policy—so remarkable is doubtless because the Russian objective of a united and Communist Germany has not been found attainable, but this in itself should afford proof of how hollow the Soviet pretences were. It is just as well that the Governments of the West should have had their eyes fully opened by Mr. Krushchev. Probably he could not have continued to proclaim the "Geneva spirit" while telling Asian audiences that we launched Hitler's armies against Russia. The Asians never knew, and many people at home seem to be equally ignorant of the fact, that Russia had been Hitler's neutral ally for the best part of two years.

While Governments are well aware that the atmosphere is changed, it is to be doubted whether the mass of the people are as clear about the matter. They have heard of the warm welcome given to British visitors by the ordinary people of Russia, which is indeed a happy and even a touching sign. But it is not going to lead to intercourse between the two nations on a large scale. Mr. Molotov has made it clear that this will not be permitted in case it should lead to subversion of the régime. Governments must be prepared not only to make it clear to their peoples that the time for relaxation in defence has not yet come, but also to show it by their own action. They must, moreover, realise that the first is meaningless exhortation if they do not make it realistic by means of the second action.

This country has set as good an example as any, and better than most. I am not suggesting that the latest plan for the Reserve Army denotes a falling off. We have, however, already reduced the numbers to be called for National Service. It behoves us to make sure that the truth about the situation is made known to all. It is no less necessary that we should maintain our armed forces at their present standard of quality. It would be a grave mistake to act on the belief that the need for strong, well-trained and well-equipped land forces, including the Reserve Army, had come to an end.

ARCHÆOLOGY FROM THE AIR.



ROMAN OLIVE PLANTATIONS REVEALED BY AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH IN A NOW-DESERT PART OF TUNISIA: A STRIKING PARALLEL WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE WHICH SHOWS SIMILAR PLANTATIONS IN A RECENTLY DESERT PART OF THE SAME COUNTRY.

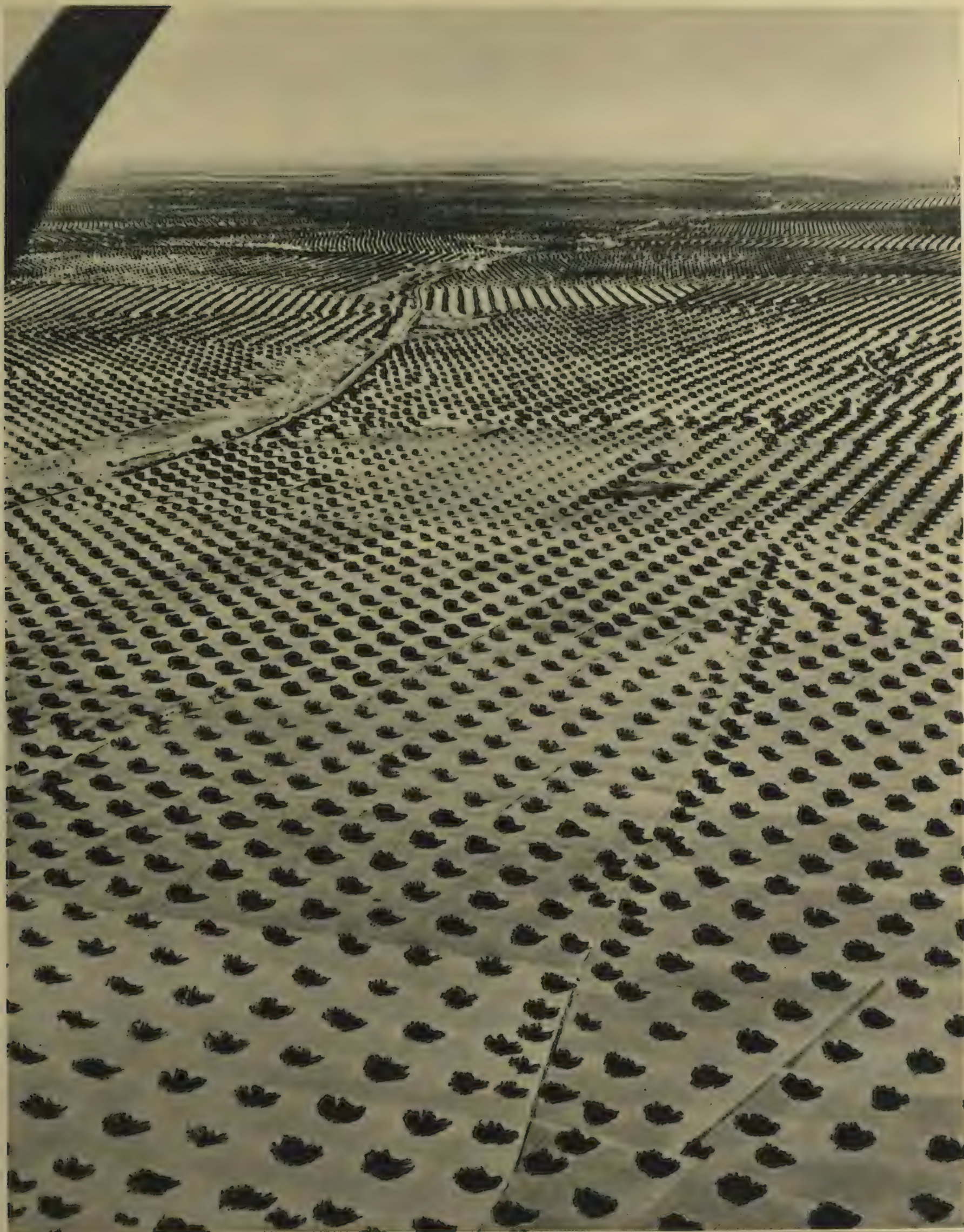
This vertical aerial photograph taken of now-desert land near the Roman city of El-Djem, in Tunisia, has been analysed by Mr. J. P. S. Bradford, of the Pitt-Rivers Museum, Oxford, an authority on this subject. The photograph reveals the skeleton outlines of a "dead" landscape formerly fertile with olives and grain. In it we can see that the Roman landowners used sub-division of many sizes for their holdings and many small fields were made with banks to enclose them and prevent soil erosion. A typical small field, just over 100 yards square, has been ringed with a circle. Some of the enclosures are seen to be dotted, and these dots are the "ghosts" of the tree-pits which the Romans dug for planting their olive trees. These enclosures are most marked at the top right and bottom centre of the photograph. Mr. Bradford, using the same means, has located a great number of tombs in Etruria, and we expect to publish an illustrated article by him on this subject in a forthcoming issue.

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so that no phase of weakness will occur in the process.

The keenest spirits in the Territorial Army are bound to feel regret about the changes. This must be the case especially with the 49th and 56th Armoured Divisions, the Lowland Division and the 16th Airborne

The reproduction on this page does not illustrate Captain Falls' article.



"ROMAN" FERTILITY RETURNS TO TUNISIA: A LOW-LEVEL AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A RECENTLY DESERT AREA PLANTED WITH A GRIDIRON PATTERN OF OLIVE TREES—A STRIKING PARALLEL WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

In classical times Northern Africa was traditionally the "granary of Rome"; and archæology and aerial photography, particularly when acting hand-in-hand, have done much to show that this tale of fertility was no mere inflated legend. On the opposite page we show an aerial photograph of a wide and now desert area near the old Roman city of El-Djem, in Tunisia, in which the camera reveals a network of small fields, surrounded with banks to prevent erosion, and larger enclosures with a pattern of pits in which olive trees were planted. But in potentially desert countries the price of fertility, like that of liberty, is ceaseless

vigilance—and ceaseless activity. Too easily the desert can return and erosion of one kind or another can remove every scrap of moisture-holding humus from the land. But the process can be reversed; erosion can be checked, hard work and irrigation can replace the fertility and the progressive benefits of vegetation can reclothe the land. This great vista of olive trees—part of a planting of 26,000,000 trees—planted in an area which a few years ago was desert, is a most striking example of that process, one which is restoring not only the intention but even the pattern of Roman agriculture in Northern Africa.

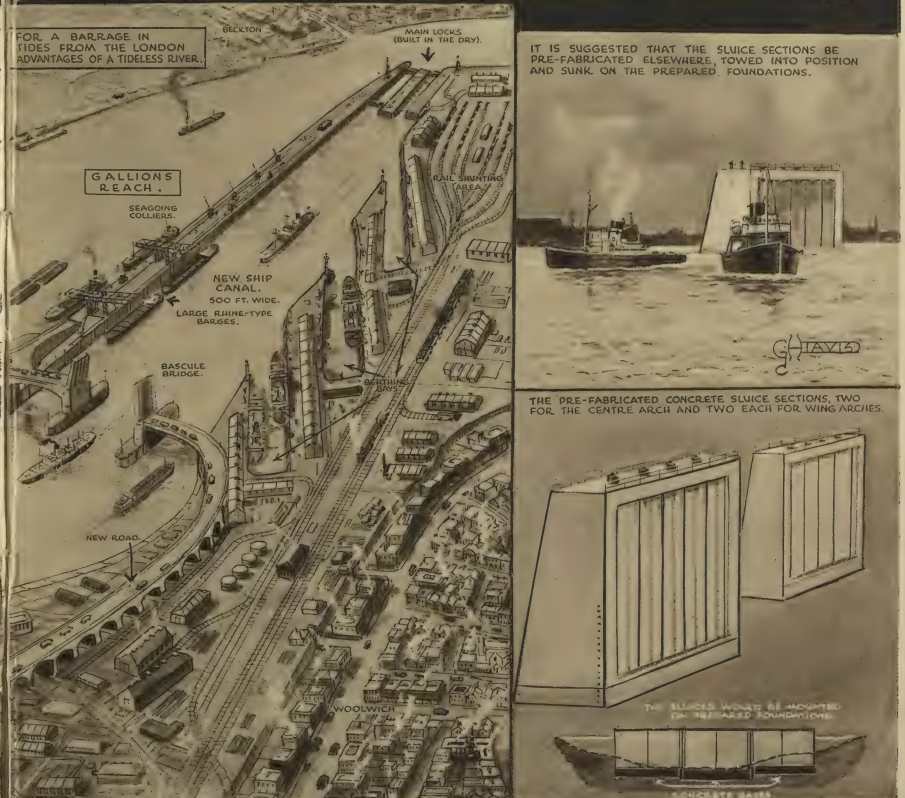
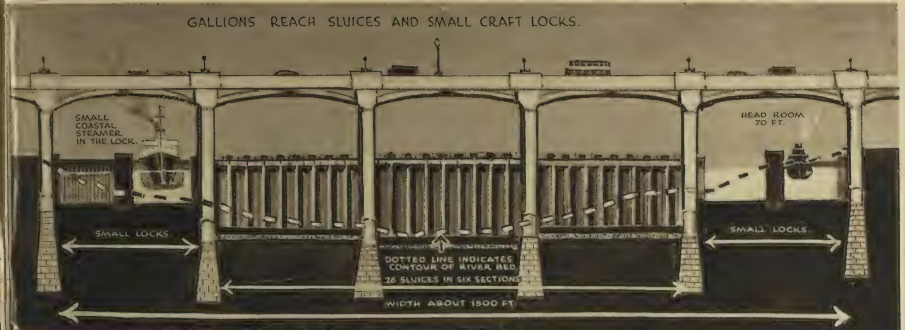


TO PREVENT FLOODING, FACILITATE THAMES TRADE AND FIRE-PROTECTION, AND TO PROVIDE

The Thames Barrage Association have for long been devoted champions of schemes to direct the flow of London's river to the best uses of navigation, road traffic, riverside trade and housing, water supply and sewage. These schemes, supported by various distinguished personages and vouched for by qualified engineers, have continually advocated the construction of a water barrage or dam east of the curiously named Bugsby's Reach. In April 1938, *The Illustrated London News* published details of a project—vetted by the Government of that time for defence reasons—for such a dam at Woolwich. It was understood that among other serious objections to the plan were the alleged restriction to the fast and regular flow of traffic through the six locks, and the appalling disruption to Thames shipping if, during wartime bombing, the barrage system was destroyed. While not conceding the validity of these two points, the Thames Barrage Association

nevertheless produced a second plan, known as Project B. This, with minor amendments and some additions, notably those relating to the construction of riverside roads, is the plan illustrated above; it is of peculiar significance at a time when both official and public interest are focused so sharply upon the Thames as a vital feature of London's development. The proposed barrage would be constructed at the beginning of Gallions Reach, and would carry a road bridge joining north and south banks of the river, now only served by the obsolete ferry. Thus, the river below it would be tidal, while above Woolwich the level would remain undisturbed. The advantages claimed for such a measure are numerous. They include protection against abnormal flooding, better sewage control, permanent access to some 450 wharves above Woolwich which are now idle at low tides, facilities for fire-floats to operate at all times, constant two-way river traffic, and

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE



A CLEAN AND TIDELESS RIVER: THE PROJECT FOR A THAMES BARRAGE AT WOOLWICH.

clean water for sports as rowing, sailing and swimming. An interesting detail relates to the seagoing collars which at present unload well up-river. Their necessarily high upper works combined with deep draught demand that the hair-trigger navigation of sixteen bridges must be accomplished on the rising tide, even a minor delay means missing a tide and losing precious hours. The tidal level above a Thames barrage would make such navigation virtually impossible. The solution offered is to transfer the coal from the collars to flat, Rhine-type barges (1000-2000 tons) below the barrage; these could proceed up-river quickly and easily under their own power, cutting the turn-round operation by some thirty hours. This Project B Barrage Scheme enables building to be carried out without interruption to river traffic, and disperses over a distance elements vulnerable to air attack. The great sluices would be built elsewhere and towed to the site in a

CO-OPERATION OF THE THAMES BARRAGE ASSOCIATION.

similar manner to the wartime Mulberry Harbours, and then sunk on prepared foundations. While this work is proceeding, a new ship canal, completed first, would carry most of the river traffic and would subsequently allow larger vessels to pass up-river to the docks beyond the barrage. Smaller coastal vessels, tugs, barges, etc., could be accommodated by the locks at either side of the sluices. A tideless Thames would enable new river roads, such as those illustrated above, to be built over the existing mud-banks; new wharves and warehouses could also be built, in front of the existing old and unsightly structures; the river highway passing beneath the new buildings as our drawing shows. In view of these proposals, it is fascinating to speculate on the river highway plan sponsored by the *Evening News* and described elsewhere in this issue. The two schemes are startlingly imaginative, and they may also be thought to be complementary.

TO EASE LONDON'S TRAFFIC PROBLEM: A NEW RIVERSIDE HIGHWAY PLAN.



SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE PROPOSED HIGHWAY: A PICTORIAL MAP OF THE FIVE-MILE SECTION, INDICATED BY A DOTTED LINE, FROM BLACKFRIARS TO BATTERSEA BRIDGE.



THE PROPOSED HIGHWAY AT WESTMINSTER: TO PRESERVE THE AMENITIES OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, TRAFFIC WOULD TRAVEL THROUGH A COVERED SECTION AT WESTMINSTER.



PASSING UNDER BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE: THE CITY END OF THE HIGHWAY EXTENDED. THE PLAN IS DESIGNED TO LINK UP WITH OTHER ROAD SCHEMES.



AS IT IS TO-DAY: THE SECTION OF THE RIVERSIDE BETWEEN LAMBETH AND VAUXHALL BRIDGES.

THE RIVERSIDE TRANSFORMED: THE SECTION SHOWN ABOVE AS IT COULD BE WITH THE HIGHWAY PROPOSED BY THE *EVENING NEWS*. ONLY AT VAUXHALL DOES THE PROBLEM OF PASSING EXISTING WHARVES WITH THE MINIMUM OF INTERFERENCE ARISE.

ENTERING THE PROPOSED COVERED SECTION BEFORE WESTMINSTER BRIDGE: WESTBOUND TRAFFIC WHICH WOULD EMERGE AT VICTORIA TOWER GARDENS.

Any responsible plan to solve London's grim traffic problem deserves the most careful examination. Considerable interest has been aroused recently by the *Evening News* proposal for a new riverside highway, constructed actually over the Thames. The basic plan provides for an uninterrupted through-way, some five miles long, following the river-line from Blackfriars to Battersea Bridge. Traffic would be one way only—from east to west—and City-bound traffic would use the full width of the present Embankment except for very brief feeder sections. Jutting 60 ft. over the river, supported by mushroom-shaped columns, it is claimed that the proposed highway would not appreciably interfere with river traffic or

raise the height of the tide. Unlike any other ambitious road scheme, the *Evening News* project does not depend upon the costly acquisition of property, and indeed may not involve the demolition of a single building. It would add to rather than despoil the amenities of the riverside. At Westminster, for example, the traffic would flow through a tunnel whose roof would form a garden extension to the Houses of Parliament terrace. Beyond Battersea and Blackfriars, the riverside highway would link up with other major road schemes. The constructional cost of the *Evening News* project would be about £8,000,000, the equivalent—as that newspaper points out—of one week's revenue from motor taxation.



THE NINETIETH BIRTHDAY OF A GREAT CLASSICAL SCHOLAR, POET AND HUMANIST : DR. GILBERT MURRAY, O.M.

On January 2 one of the greatest classical scholars of the twentieth century celebrated his ninetieth birthday. The debt we owe to Gilbert Murray is incalculable. His verse translations of the Greek poets have brought an entirely new literature into the understanding of readers and theatre-goers who might otherwise have dismissed such jewels as "Ædipus Rex," "Antigone," "Electra," "Medea" and "The Frogs" as available only to those steeped in the Hellenic culture. Born in Sydney, the third son of Sir Terence Murray, President of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, Gilbert Murray left Australia at the age of eleven for an

education at Merchant Taylors' and Oxford. At twenty-three, he was already Professor of Greek at Glasgow University, and at the turn of the century commenced that flow of fine translations which have since gained him so enviable a reputation. Accompanying this classical emanation, and indeed perhaps springing from it, was his fervent advocacy of international co-operation, that other aspect of his life's work which has brought him the admiration of distinguished contemporaries of all shades of political opinion. As poet, scholar and humanist, Dr. Gilbert Murray, O.M., deserves our congratulations and our thanks.

EXCLUSIVE PORTRAIT STUDY BY KARSH OF OTTAWA.



GOLD SLUICING WITH HIGH-PRESSURE WATER JETS IN ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST FASCINATING REGIONS: PAPUANS SLUICING ALLUVIAL GOLD GRAVELS AT KORANGA, IN NEW GUINEA.

Examples of the peculiar adaptability of Papuans, with their diverse and primitive culture, to modern Western conditions were illustrated in sketches by our artist, Bryan de Grineau, in our issue of April 2 last year. During his visit to Australian New Guinea, Bryan de Grineau also made this drawing of Papuans sluicing alluvial gold gravels at the Koranga workings of New Guinea Goldfields Limited. This company was formed in 1929 by the late Mr. Leslie Urquhart to consolidate the leases of the early prospectors and to acquire prospecting rights over an area of some fifteen square miles in New Guinea. Since 1953, except during the war period, the Company

has been continuously at work producing gold from veins and from alluvial workings. In the early days all machinery and supplies had to be brought in by air from the port at Lae, but there is now a motor road, built by the Government during the war, and following the course of the Markham River from Lae to the mines. Labour is recruited from the native tribes under two-year indentures, and there are strict Government regulations covering living conditions, medical attention, and so on. When they are first recruited the native workmen are kept on light work until they have become acclimatised to their new conditions, and, as a rule, they gain rapidly

in weight and strength. Although the Papuans adapt themselves surprisingly quickly and soon learn how to use modern machinery and equipment, their work has to be closely supervised by the staff of miners, millmen and mechanics from Australia. There is no doubt that Australia has every reason to be proud of the progress her administrators have made in New Guinea, because the difficulties are very great. For instance, over 400 different tongues are spoken in Papua and New Guinea. Along the Papuan coast a simplified form of Motuan, the language spoken near the administrative capital, Port Moresby, was developed as a *lingua franca*. It has been

officially adopted as "Police Motuan," and its use is now gradually spreading in Papua. No common language exists in the interior, but in New Guinea the *lingua franca* is "Pidgin" English. Amongst the outstanding problems of native administration are activities arising out of beliefs and practices in magic and religion. As many of our readers have commented recently on the now infrequent appearance in our pages of drawings by Bryan de Grineau we wish to inform his many friends that this has been due solely to the artist's ill-health and we hope that his recovery will not be long delayed.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

THE DISCOVERY OF A HUGE CATACOMB FULL OF SARCOPHAGI IN THE NECROPOLIS OF BETH SHEARIM.

By N. AVIGAD, M.A., Ph.D., The Hebrew University, Jerusalem, Director of the Excavations.

(Photographs by Arie Volk, Jerusalem, who was also responsible for the photographs of Masada in our issues of Nov. 5 and 12, 1955.)

THE spectacular results of the latest excavation season at Beth Shearim (Israel), conducted by the writer on behalf of the Israel Exploration Society and the Hebrew University, open new vistas for the exploration of the site. More than 100 large sarcophagi were found in the biggest catacomb yet discovered at this vast and unique necropolis of a small Jewish town of the Roman period. They are an invaluable contribution to the study of Jewish art, burial custom and Hebrew epigraphy of the second-fourth century A.D.

Beth Shearim is situated on a hillock jutting out from the southern slopes of the Galilean highlands at a point ten miles from Haifa, on the road to Nazareth. It is first referred to by the ancient historian Josephus Flavius as *Besara*, and frequently mentioned in Talmudical sources. When, after the great rebellion under Hadrian, the focus of national and religious life of the Jewish community shifted from Judæa to Galilee, Beth Shearim became a centre of Jewish learning. It was for some time the seat of the Sanhedrin (Supreme Council of the Jews) headed by the famous Patriarch Rabbi Judah I. (about A.D. 200), the compiler of the Mishna (the collection of Judaism's oral laws). After the death of the venerated Patriarch, Beth Shearim became the favourite burial centre for the Jews, both in Palestine and the Diaspora. So it came about that an unusually large necropolis developed on the rocky slopes of the hill.

During extensive excavations carried out on the site (by Professor B. Mazar, now President of the Hebrew University, in 1936-1940 and resumed in 1953 by the writer) twenty-one catacombs have so far been unearthed. Each catacomb consists of a series of rock-cut burial chambers grouped around a courtyard and entered through stone doors, which still swing on their hinges (Figs. 5 and 6). The common type of burial is the *arcosolium* cut in the walls of the chambers. Sometimes wooden coffins were used, of which only the iron nails survived.

Tomb cutting must have been a prosperous industry at Beth Shearim. Jewish notables were brought for burial from all the neighbouring countries, such as Phœnicia, Syria, Mesopotamia, and from as far as Southern Arabia. This is proved by various burial inscriptions mentioning the "Head of the Elders from Antioch," the "Archisynagogus from Berytus," "Aristeas the Sidonian," the "Banker from Palmyra," etc. Beth Shearim yielded several hundred inscriptions, most of them in Greek, others in Hebrew, Aramaic and Palmyrene. They reveal a great influence of Hellenistic culture on the Jews in the first centuries of the Christian era. Many catacombs have their walls decorated with reliefs, engravings and paintings in the style of Jewish popular art of the period (Figs. 3, 4, 7-9). Jewish symbolical motifs as the *menorah* (seven-branched candlestick), the Torah-shrine and other sacred objects commonly found in ancient Jewish art, are very popular. Decorations of secular character (human beings, animals, ships, etc.) are also numerous. Externally some of the catacombs of Beth Shearim are adorned by architectural structures such as arches, stairs, etc.

One of the catacombs discovered lately (Figs. 1, 2, 5) is distinguished by its triple arched façade and its Hebrew inscriptions mentioning the names of Rabbi Shimeon and Rabbi Gamaliel. It is suggested that they are identical with the two sons of Rabbi Judah I. and that the Patriarch himself may also have been buried in this family vault.

The most important catacomb to come to light this summer is catacomb No. 20 (Figs. 10-13), which

was the high point of the season. The story of the discovery is recorded in the excavator's diary as follows:

Friday, 5th August, 1955. The topographical considerations which prompted us to dig on this particular spot were fully justified to-day. At a depth of five metres from the surface we reached the lintel of a blocked door-opening and through a "fox hole" we crawled into a cave. We had expected to see one of the familiar catacombs so well known to us at the Beth Shearim necropolis, but a great surprise awaited us on this occasion. We groped our way in the dark, armed with pocket-torches and candles only, half-walking, half-crawling, stumbling over heaps of wet stones along what seemed to us endless distances in different directions, coming across sights we never had seen



FIG. 1. EXCAVATING IN THE JEWISH NECROPOLIS AT BETH SHEARIM. BELOW THE BROAD FLIGHT OF STEPS CAN BE SEEN PART OF THE FAÇADE OF THE TOMB OF RABBI SHIMEON AND RABBI GAMALIEL, BELIEVED TO BE THE SONS OF RABBI JUDAH I. SEE ALSO FIG. 2. THE NEWLY-FOUND CATACOMB, CONTAINING AT LEAST 100 SARCOPHAGI, LIES JUST OFF THE PICTURE, TO THE LEFT.



FIG. 2. THE TRIPLE ARCHED FAÇADE OF THE TOMB OF THE RABBIS SHIMEON AND GAMALIEL (FIG. 1) AFTER CLEARING. THE TOTAL WIDTH IS 29 FT. 6 INS (9 METRES). THE DOUBLE DOOR (CENTRE) WAS LOCKED FROM INSIDE, BUT THE SMALL DOOR (LEFT) COULD BE OPENED FROM OUTSIDE.

before at Beth Shearim. Wherever we turned we encountered groups of large sarcophagi, some wholly visible, others partly covered or buried under fallen debris. Some decorations and inscriptions could be distinguished. The heavy lids of the coffins had been slightly moved or holes made in them, indicating that grave-robbers had been active here, as in other burial sites of Beth Shearim. Large heaps of fallen rock and dangerous-looking hanging rock boulders prevented us from touring the entire cave.

At the end of this season's excavation the clearance of the catacomb is far from being complete, but sufficient progress was made to get a more or less clear picture of its exterior architecture, its plan and furniture.

The façade of the catacomb, 39 ft. 4½ ins. (12 metres) long, is built in ashlar against the rock-wall. It

consists of three arches resting on square pillars, with three openings, one to each arch, leading into the cave. This arcaded façade is largely destroyed, but many of its moulded and decorated stones, found fallen in front of it, indicate its Roman style of architecture current in Palestine in the early part of the third century A.D.

The cave itself, which is artificially cut in the soft rock, comprises a series of vaulted halls and burial chambers. The length of the central hall could not be determined, as it is blocked at 147 ft. 7½ ins. (45 metres) distance by a huge heap of collapsed rock, caused apparently by an earthquake. Another burial hall reaches the length of approximately 164 ft. (50 metres). *Arcosolia* cut in some of the walls were used for burials and small niches served as bone depositaries. All of them had been forced, looted and emptied of their contents by grave robbers. But the main mode of burial in this cave was the use of limestone sarcophagi. About a hundred of them have been counted so far. Their average size is 8 ft. 2½ ins. (2.50 metres) long and 4 ft. 11 ins. (1.50 metres) high, and they weigh approximately 3-5 tons each. The great performance in effecting the transport of such large blocks, partly brought from at least as far as Carmel and the hills of Nazareth, and their insertion into the chambers of the cave through the main door, which is only a few centimetres wider than the coffins, command respect.

A considerable number of the sarcophagi are decorated with carvings of various designs (Figs. 3, 4, 7-9). Garlands hanging from columns, eagles, bulls' heads, the *tabula ansata*, and the like, indicate the borrowing of Roman designs. Rosettes and other compass-drawn designs, lions facing each other, a *menorah* (seven-branched candlestick), etc., are motifs current in popular Jewish art of the Roman period.

The most remarkable decoration is carved on one of the narrow sides of a coffin—a bearded face in relief resembling the customary representation of some pagan deities (Fig. 4). Here it is, of course, a mere ornament, but even then it is startling to see such a carving on a Jewish coffin in a cave where, as indicated by inscriptions, families of rabbis lie buried. It is further evidence of the unorthodox approach of the Jews at that period in matters of fine art, as proved by representations of human beings found in ancient synagogues, where one would certainly expect strict observance of the Mosaic law forbidding the "making of a graven image, the similitude of any figure and the likeness of male and female." (Deut. 4, 16.)

There were still other decorated coffins in this catacomb, of quite a different character, namely, imported marble sarcophagi decorated with sculptured figures of men, women and beasts in a developed Roman imperial style. All of them had been broken to bits in the early Arabic period and evidently sold on the market as raw material. Heaps of marble splinters and fragments of sculptured figures found strewn about the cave are the only remnants of this lost art treasure.

Several burial inscriptions were found in this catacomb, all but one in Hebrew. This is remarkable at Beth Shearim, where the vast majority of inscriptions are in Greek. One of these Hebrew inscriptions, carved on a lid in monumental characters (Fig. 9), reads as follows:

Here they lie, Atio daughter of Rabbi Gamaliel son of Nehemia, who died a virgin at the age of twenty-two years, and Ation daughter of Rabbi Jehudah son of Rabbi Gamaliel, who died at the age of nine years and six months. May their standing [be with the righteous].

More names of rabbis mentioned in other inscriptions show that this must have been a burial vault for distinguished families. One of the mourners, after visiting the vault, expressed his emotion by scratching on the wall of the entrance corridor the following words (in Greek): "Be comforted pious fathers, nobody is immortal."

SCULPTURES GROTESQUE, AND UNIQUE, AND A PATHETIC INSCRIPTION
FROM THE HUGE SARCOPHAGI OF A BETH SHEARIM CATACOMB.



FIG. 3. A CRUDE BUT ENGAGING RELIEF OF TWO LIONS, FROM ONE OF THE MANY SARCOPHAGI IN THE NEWLY-EXCAVATED CATACOMB. BETWEEN THE TWO LIONS STANDS A DRINKING VESSEL.



FIG. 5. THE STONE DOUBLE-DOOR OF THE TOMB OF THE RABBIS SHIMEON AND GAMALIEL, MADE TO BE LOCKED FROM WITHIN. NOTE THE SIMULATED PANELS, AND KNOCKER.



FIG. 6. THE HINGED DOOR OF A TOMB CHAMBER AT BETH SHEARIM. IT IS MADE FROM A SINGLE HEAVY STONE SLAB, AND WILL STILL MOVE ON ITS STONE HINGES. IT IS TYPICAL OF THE SITE.



FIG. 4. AN ASTONISHING RELIEF TO FIND IN A JEWISH CEMETERY. IT LOOKS VERY LIKE AN ORIENTAL VERSION OF ZEUS, BUT IS PROBABLY MERELY ORNAMENTAL.



FIG. 7. THE END OF A SARCOPHAGUS, SHOWING A CRUDELY-CARVED BULL'S HEAD AND AN EAGLE ABOVE A GARLAND, DESIGNS OF ROMAN ORIGIN BUT CRUDELY EXECUTED.

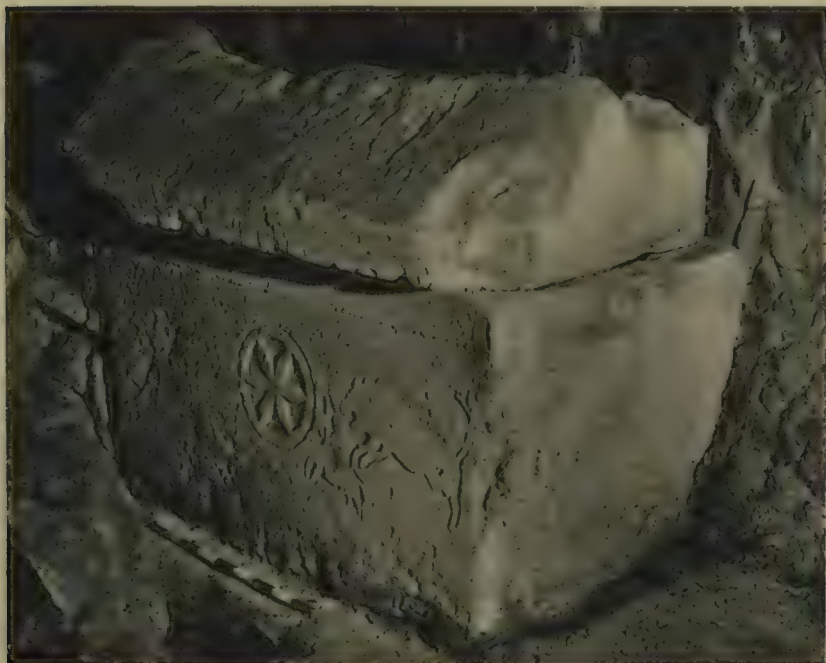


FIG. 8. A SARCOPHAGUS OF WHITE STONE, WITH A ROSETTE ON THE SIDE. THE LION AND ANTELOPE DESIGN WAS PERHAPS ADDED LATER.



FIG. 9. THE HEBREW INSCRIPTION RECORDS THAT HERE WERE BURIED TWO GIRLS OF A RABBINICAL FAMILY. NOTE THE SKETCHED BUT INCOMPLETE WREATH DESIGN ON THE LEFT.

The story of the discovery in August last of a huge catacomb in the Jewish necropolis of Beth Shearim is told by Dr. Avigad on the opposite page, and photographs of the large underground chambers crowded with stone sarcophagi are reproduced overleaf. Here we show some details of the sculptures found. The period is the second to fourth centuries A.D. and it is clear that Roman and Hellenic influences are marked as well as the Jewish which one would expect. The necropolis was used for the burial of Jewish notables from all over the Near East and it is not surprising that their burials should reflect the common culture

of the Ancient World. Yet although this is a rich and cultured cemetery, the sculptures are curiously crude and naïve, though often touching, and recall strongly those found in the frontier settlement of Ghirza, in Libya (illustrated in our issues of January 22 and January 29, 1955), where Roman soldier-farmers had elaborately decorated mausolea with just such clumsy animal and symbolic subjects. Fig. 9 bears an inscription in Hebrew recording the deaths of two daughters of a Rabbinical house, aunt and niece presumably, who died respectively "a virgin at the age of twenty-two years, and at the age of nine years and six months."



FIG. 10. INSIDE THE HUGE, NEWLY-DISCOVERED CATAOMB IN WHICH 100 STONE SARCOPHAGI HAVE ALREADY BEEN DISCOVERED. NOTE THE HOLES MADE BY TOMB-ROBBERS.



FIG. 10. THIS SMALL CHAMBER OF THE GREAT CATAOMB IS PACKED WITH SARCOPHAGI, WHICH WEIGH BETWEEN THREE AND FIVE TONS APIECE. THE LID SHAPE IS TYPICAL.

INSIDE THE VAST, NEWLY-DISCOVERED CATAOMB OF BETH SHEARIM, WHERE ALREADY A HUNDRED

On the southern slopes of the Galilean highlands, about ten miles from Haifa, lies the vast necropolis of Beth Shearim, a "city of the dead" to which Jewish notables from many countries—Phœnicia, Syria, Mesopotamia and even Southern Arabia—were brought for burial in the second-fourth centuries A.D. Excavations have been carried out during 1936-40 by Professor B. Mazar and since 1953 by

Dr. N. Avigad, who describes the most recent work in an article on page 20. The most astonishing discovery took place during this last August, when on the 6th Dr. Avigad wrote in his diary: "At a depth of 5 metres (16 ft. 5 ins.) from the surface we reached the lintel of a blocked door-opening and through a 'fox-hole' we crawled into a cave. We had expected to see one of the familiar catacombs



FIG. 11. AT THE END OF THE MAIN HALL OF SARCOPHAGI. THE RELIEF OF TWO CONFRONTED LIONS IS ALSO SHOWN IN FIG. 3. THE HUGE LID IS 8 FT. 10½ INS. LONG.



FIG. 12. A CHAMBER IN THE CATAOMB WHICH CAN NOT YET BE CLEARED OWING TO THE DANGER OF THE ROOF COLLAPSING. NOTE THE SEVEN-BRANCHED CANDLESTICK MOTIF (LEFT). HUGE SARCOPHAGI OF JEWISH NOTABLES OF THE 2ND TO 4TH CENTURIES A.D. HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED.

so well known to us at the Beth Shearim necropolis, but a great surprise awaited us on this occasion. We groped our way in the dark, armed with pocket torches and candles only, half-walking, half-crawling, stumbling over heaps of wet stones, along what seemed to us endless distances in different directions, coming across sights we had never seen before at Beth Shearim. Wherever we turned we

encountered groups of large sarcophagi, some wholly visible, others partly covered or buried under fallen debris. . . . The heavy lids of the coffins had been slightly moved or holes made in them, indicating that grave-robbers had been active here. . . . Large heaps of fallen rock and dangerous-looking hanging rock-boulders prevented us from touring the entire cave."



I WANT to go to Prague. I've been saying this at fairly frequent intervals for at least thirty years and, thanks to what appears to be the incorrigible imbecility of the human race, it becomes more and more unlikely that I shall ever succeed in getting there, for I can produce no reason which any government, whatever its complexion, would recognise as valid. I've nothing to sell, I've no message for the Czechs; it is a long time since I played football, and what sort of dusty answer I should receive if I filled up a form and under section so and so, "Reasons for the visit," wrote "To see three stalwart women." What suspicion would be aroused in secret service back-rooms, what minutes would be written, what unostentatious sleuthing would be inaugurated! Yet the form would have been filled up truthfully and innocently, and here is the proof (Figs. 2 and 3), the three long-legged wenches who march across Bruegel's glorious landscape "Hay Making," two of them with hay rakes on their shoulders, for all the world as if they had not yet forgotten their time in the A.T.S. or the W.R.A.F. of their day, the centre one so far careless of parade discipline as to turn her head towards us. A plain girl by modern chocolate-box standards, but how charming!—what is known across the Channel as "*une jolie laide*," the world her oyster; is the elder woman beyond, her mother, or a retired sergeant-major? I leave it to you.

Here, anyway, is part of Bruegel's magic—his gift of peopling a marvellous landscape with little figures we immediately recognise as true to life and close to earth. "Hay Making" is one of the series of the Months painted by Jan Bruegel in 1565, four years before his death, for the rich Antwerp merchant, Nicolaes Jonghelinck, who owned altogether sixteen pictures by him. Opinion is divided as to whether there were originally twelve of this series of the Months or only six; what is certain is that to-day five only are known, "Hay Making" at Prague, one at New York, the other three in Vienna, where are to be seen as many as fourteen out of the forty-six surviving pictures indubitably from the hand of this astonishing painter, who was the spiritual heir of Hieronymus Bosch, and who has enchanted both his contemporaries and succeeding generations with his earthy humour and high seriousness.

I have been reminded of all this by a Phaidon book* from the pen of Dr. Grossmann in which what little is known of his life is set down with painstaking industry and accompanied by a series of plates, including many details. Bruegel has fascinated art-lovers for 400 years, partly, I suppose, because of his apparent naivety, and the most varied estimates of his personality have been made. As the author puts it: "The man has been thought to have been a peasant and a townsman, an orthodox Catholic and a Libertine, a humanist, a laughing and a pessimist philosopher; the artist appeared as a follower of Bosch and a continuator of the Flemish tradition, the last of the Primitives, a Mannerist in contact with Italian art, an illustrator, a genre painter, a landscape artist, a realist, a painter consciously transforming reality and adapting it to his formal ideal"—in short, a perfect subject for lengthy, and not necessarily lively, exhibitions of erudite theorising. The rest of us will probably prefer to leave these arguments to the pundits and, like his friends and patrons—men like Jonghelinck and Cardinal de Granvella and the geographer, Abraham Ortelius—

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. BRUEGEL AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

honour him for his works without worrying our heads overmuch about his possible opinions, which, I suggest, are of little consequence by comparison. Who, standing before a great painting, really cares what the painter thought or whether he was prince or peasant?

Our own National Gallery has one Bruegel, "The Adoration of the Kings" (Fig. 1), and this is illustrated in the magnificent "The National Gallery, London" as one of the hundred masterpieces reproduced in colour with an account of the Gallery's history and notes on each picture by Sir Philip Hendy. It was acquired in 1920. I used to know the man who brought it here from Vienna; he told me that conditions there immediately after the First World War were so disturbed that there seemed no hope of moving the picture by normal methods, so he smuggled it out in a trunk with a false bottom, and was careful never to return. It was not, he added, an enjoyable experience. Sir Philip sums up as follows: "In Bruegel's painting the single influence that counts is that of the lonely Bosch. Bruegel painted more broadly than he and with less sensuous delight, because he was concerned less with fantasy and more with nature and with those who lived close to the soil. But the technique is essentially Bosch's, shared by the two men because it would express something that they had in common: a sense of humour and pathos, a belief in the wisdom of ancient proverbs, and the earthy knowledge of the peasant. It was with these that Bruegel gave poetry and meaning to his unique renderings of his own land and people."

No one man's choice of a hundred pictures from so rich a collection could possibly satisfy everyone; we are sure to complain about the omission of some favourite work and the inclusion of another which we do not consider as good. I note, for example, that there is no Canaletto and no Dutch still life; on the other hand there is one magnificent Guardi and the

superb painting of a dish of apples by Courbet, which can be said to sum up in a single instant the tradition of both the Dutch and Flemish still life painters and of Chardin himself.

The first part of the book tells the story of the foundation, tribulations and extensions of the Gallery, and it is interesting to note the opinions of some of its opponents. Here is Smirke, quoted in the Farington Diary, 1815: "The bringing forward the works of the



FIG. 1. "THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS," BY PIETER BRUEGEL THE ELDER (ACTIVE 1551; DIED 1569). THIS, THE ONLY WORK BY PIETER BRUEGEL IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, IS ONE OF 100 PAINTINGS REPRODUCED IN FULL COLOUR IN "THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON" (THAMES AND HUDSON). MR. DAVIS WRITES ABOUT THIS BOOK ON THIS PAGE. IT IS WRITTEN, EDITED AND ARRANGED BY SIR PHILIP HENDY, DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY. (Panel; 43½ by 32½ ins.)



FIG. 2. "HAY MAKING (JULY)," BY PIETER BRUEGEL THE ELDER. THIS PAINTING, WHICH IS IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY AT PRAGUE, IS REPRODUCED IN THE NEW PHAIDON COMPLETE EDITION "THE PAINTINGS OF BRUEGEL," BY F. GROSSMANN. THIS MAGNIFICENT VOLUME IS REVIEWED HERE BY MR. DAVIS. (Panel; 46 by 63½ ins.)



FIG. 3. THIS DETAIL OF THREE HAYMAKERS IS TAKEN FROM "HAY MAKING (JULY)," WHICH IS ALSO REPRODUCED ON THIS PAGE. IT IS ONE OF FIVE PAINTINGS WHICH FORM PART OF A NOW INCOMPLETE SERIES OF THE "MONTHS."

great artists of former periods is calculated to induce those who have money to lay out to purchase such works . . . instead of encouraging the British Artists of this period. . . . Constable was more idealistic, but no less bone-headed. He wrote in 1822: "Should there be a National Gallery (which is talked of), there will be an end of the art in poor old England, and she will become, in all that relates to painting, as much a nonentity as every other country that has one. The reason is plain, the manufacturers of pictures

are then made the criterion of perfection, instead of nature." Did ever a great painter write greater nonsense? Fortunately, the Gallery was founded two years later and we can all go there to-day and enjoy Constable's "Hay Wain" and "Weymouth Bay."

Among the hundred illustrated is one painting which is often overlooked because of its small size—only 13½ by 9½ ins. It is the cool fluid Correggio, known as "The Madonna of the Basket" (from the basket which can be seen in the left-hand corner). St. Joseph the carpenter is at work with his plane in the background and the young mother is trying to put a coat on the struggling child on her lap; the whole scene is one of carefree gaiety. It is memorable for another reason apart from its quality. It was the first single picture to be bought a year after the foundation of the National Gallery in 1824. What a magnificent beginning!

* "The Paintings of Bruegel"; a Complete Edition by F. Grossmann. 155 Plates, 11 of them in Full Colour. (Phaidon Press; 42s.)

† "The National Gallery, London." Text by Sir Philip Hendy. 100 Reproductions in Full Colour. (Thames and Hudson; 56s.)

SOME GWENDOLINE E. DAVIES BEQUEST PICTURES:
FROM A NOTABLE LOAN EXHIBITION AT AGNEW'S.



"EL ESPOLIO," BY EL GRECO AND HIS STUDIO ASSISTANTS, IS AMONG THE PICTURES FROM THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES, TO BE SEEN AT AGNEW'S. (Canvas; 51 by 64 ins.)



"THE VIRGIN AND ST. JOHN ADORING THE CHILD," STUDIO OF BOTTICELLI. THE PICTURES REPRODUCED ON THIS PAGE ARE SOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT OF THOSE PRESENTED AND BEQUEATHED TO THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES BY MISS GWENDOLINE E. DAVIES. THEY ARE TO BE SEEN AT A LOAN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES FROM THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES AT AGNEW'S GALLERY, 43, OLD BOND STREET. (Panel; 34 ins. diameter.)



"LA PARISIENNE," BY PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR, HAS BEEN WIDELY ACCLAIMED AS THE MOST OUTSTANDING OF MISS DAVIES'S PICTURES. (Canvas; 63 by 41½ ins.)



THIS SELF-PORTRAIT BY AUGUSTUS JOHN IS ONE OF EIGHT WORKS BY THE FAMOUS WELSH PAINTER. (Canvas; 24 by 20 ins.)



"LA PETITE GARDEUSE D'OIES," BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET, IS ONE OF SEVERAL FINE MILLETS IN THE DAVIES BEQUEST. (Canvas; 12 by 9 ins.)



ONE OF THREE IMPORTANT CÉZANNES INCLUDED IN THIS EXHIBITION IS "NATURE MORTE A LA THÉIERE," WHICH IS A LATE WORK. (Canvas; 23 by 28½ ins.)



"LE DEJEUNER A LA CAMPAGNE," BY HONORÉ DAUMIER. THIS EXHIBITION AT AGNEW'S REMAINS OPEN UNTIL FEBRUARY 4. (Panel; 10 by 13 ins.)

Agnew's Gallery, at 43, Old Bond Street, starts the year with an important Loan Exhibition of some pictures from the National Museum of Wales. Much of the museum has been temporarily closed during a period of reorganisation and the opportunity has been taken to show some of the more important paintings in London. The highlight of this exhibition is that it includes some thirty of the magnificent collection of pictures bequeathed to the National Museum of Wales by Miss Gwendoline E. Davies, C.H., in 1952. In the words of Lord Kenyon's

foreword to the exhibition catalogue: "The widening of range brought about by this bequest has transformed a collection strictly limited in scope into the nucleus of a National Gallery for Wales." Much of the rest of the exhibition is devoted to the work of important Welsh artists, such as Richard Wilson and Augustus John, and to paintings otherwise connected with Wales. The exhibition, which remains open until February 4, has been arranged in aid of the Friends of the National Museum of Wales.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

RARE BIRDS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

JOHN CLEMENTS must have smiled when he put "The Wild Duck" into the Saville a few days before Christmas. We expect rare and curious birds at this time of the year; but I hardly think that anyone could have expected Ibsen. Not, by any means, that he is a skeleton at the table. The production, the best we have had of this play for some time, would be a prize at any season.

In "The Wild Duck" Ibsen slams at the kind of meddling "idealism" that can shatter a home. Gregers Werle is the dreary type of man who suffers from what a previous translator called, with some difficulty, "acute rectitudinal fever," but which Max Faber—whose version is much more speakable—hits off as "acute inflammation of the conscience." Because of it, he has to meddle with the illusions of Hjalmar, and, more reprehensibly, with the unthinking innocence of Hedvig. Presently there is death in the attic where the crippled wild duck is penned. It is unfair to seek to express the pith of a remarkable play in a few words; but Dr. Relling says much when he observes that if the average man is robbed of his life illusion—the "life-lie"—he is robbed of happiness at one stroke.

The play, beautifully made, takes the stage—as ever—with an exciting authority. The Saville may be too large a theatre for it; but I did not feel any dispersal of my own enthusiasm. Indeed, the play came through to me with more effect than it did in a many-accented revival at the St. Martin's some years ago. Emlyn Williams gets the flamboyance of the hollow man, the self-deceiving, pretentiously posing Hjalmar, a cardboard cylinder of a fellow who, as Relling says, will have forgotten little Hedvig before a year is past. The girl of fourteen, played by Dorothy Tutin, has something of the stillness of a quiet rock-pool on a calm morning of spring. She summons, in her tranquillity and innocence, a hundred crowding images of childhood; and her end terrifies us because we know that a real person has died, and not an *ingénue* who has been having a shot at a famous part.

Most of the others are right. Angela Baddeley, who used to play Hedvig herself, holds Gina's common sense; George Relph has the wild eye and the crumbling mind of Old Ekdal; Laurence Hardy is amply true as Relling, the play's candid-camera; and, indeed, I am worried only by the Gregers Werle of Michael Gough. Gregers here is too much on wires, too taut. The man's meddling, his dangerous combination of sentimentalism and rigidity, need not have the curiously menacing note that has become a familiar accompaniment of Mr. Gough's performances. Otherwise, no complaints, and a good simple production by Murray Macdonald.

Everything else during the last two weeks has been designed for the holiday theatre. "Listen to the Wind" (Arts) is that welcome visitor, a children's Christmas play that appears likely to endure. I wish myself that Angela Ainley Jeans (librettist) and Vivian Ellis (composer), who have worked so imaginatively, so tactfully, together, had found some means of keeping the whole business in the mid-Victorian mansion where it starts and ends. I cannot conceive of a better beginning to a children's play than the scene in a country house (East Anglian, M. R. James country) which, as we have reason to discover, is so oddly attended. And at the last, back again, we watched with something like rapture the up-and-down fight between Robert Cartland and Edward Atienza as Black Thundercloud and East Wind

It is the middle stretch, in the Kingdom of the Winds, of which I am less sure. Here the authors tremble upon the edge of whimsy. Still, they are not engulfed, and there is enough fun and invention to keep the various age-groups happy. In a revival I would be careful of the casting of Miranda, the sea-

witch, an elderly mermaid. Miriam Karlin's worth as a comedienne is recognised; but her type of generous character-playing seems to be dangerously out of key with the rest of Peter Hall's production. Otherwise, no griefs at all: special thanks to Margaret McCourt, Nora Nicholson and Clive Revill, who is a butler-cum-gypsy, a most peculiar occupation. I do not forget the Gale Bird (Roderick Cook), an addition to Christmas ornithology and a person now and then worthy of "Alice."

Even better than "Listen to the Wind" is "The Marvellous Story of Puss in Boots" at the Fortune. Those for whom Perrault's story has always been a prize have grumbled furiously at its ill-treatment by panto-men, the cheapening of one of the gayest of the tales. Now we have it told with something of a child's unforced crystalline imagination, and with a shrewdness that adults will recognise. Both at the Fortune and at the Birmingham Repertory (Douglas Seale produces it there) "Puss" is most handsomely dressed, an important matter in the children's theatre. A child has an instinctive hatred of the shoddy and tattered; this does not help to create playgoers of the future. But a child who sees "Puss" must be seized at once by its pictorial delights, the Van Dyck quality. Puss himself is an orange-tawny miracle, a cat who knows his value and his power. He will allow kings to look at him, for the very good reason that he is royal himself, *Tyball*, "king of cats," who must never in any circumstances be called *Tibbie*. As acted by Nicholas Stuart Gray at the Fortune (where he is his own producer), and by Geoffrey Bayldon at Birmingham, *Tyball* is a glory for cat-fanciers. And in the matter of princesses, enchanted and suffering, gallantry forbids me to find a diamond to choose between Joy Parker and Doreen Aris. Each deserves her crown; each would recognise the other with respect. Here, blessedly, is Perrault restored. Mr. Gray has all five of his fantasies running this Christmas in various places, and we must hope that he will go on through the legends. There is material enough.

"Charley's Aunt" is now a living legend. Its rare bird this year is Frankie Howerd as Fancourt Babberley, a part that in Mr. Howerd's view should clearly be treated as a runaway steam-roller. That may be one method of doing it; but I feel that, even with that preposterous dress and wig, Babs could have more farcical subtlety, a more credible period flavour. The merit of Mr. Howerd's performance is

probably the pace at which he moves—a pace sustained gleefully by the rest of the cast under William Chappell's direction. It is strange to come from "Charley's Aunt" remembering, first, the actress (Jane Downs) who has to cope—and now copes so neatly—with the dreadful passage about Oxford's spires and sculptured nooks. Miss Downs is a player of quite unusual talent. Honourable mention also to Marjorie Stewart, Joy Rodgers and Gerald Harper, among others.

So to that rare bird, "Beauty and the Beast" (Players), a fairy extravaganza of 1840 by J. R. Planché, littered with the most agreeable puns. Thus: "As the Scottish gentleman says in the play, 'What wood is this? Tisn't Burnham.'" (I wonder whether Macready smiled on hearing this?) The Beast has a very good line in quotations; but an Ugly Sister has a supreme moment of self-congratulation when she enters, having doped Beauty's glass, and exclaims "the Drink!" (followed by, and as it were in brackets, "Hamlet!") On the whole, my favourite quotation, for personal reasons, is "Sighted off the Lizard!" The speaker, who refers to the good ship *Polly*, is called, nicely, Sir Aldgate Pump. Yes, an evening of rare birds; they flutter with the proper gaiety.



"A CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PLAY THAT APPEARS LIKELY TO ENDURE": "LISTEN TO THE WIND" (Arts), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE ANGELA AINLEY JEANS AND VIVIAN ELLIS PLAY IN WHICH GRANNIE (NORA NICHOLSON) GIVES HER GRANDDAUGHTER EMMA (MARGARET MCCOURT) A LECTURE ON HOW TO BEHAVE. HARRIET (MAVIS SAGE) IS STANDING (LEFT) AND (RIGHT) JEREMY (RICHARD PALMER.)



"AN EXCITING REVIVAL OF IBSEN'S ATTACK ON MEDDLING IDEALISM": "THE WILD DUCK," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) GREGERS WERLE (MICHAEL GOUGH); HJALMAR EKDAL (EMLYN WILLIAMS); HEDVIG (DOROTHY TUTIN); DR. RELING (LAURENCE HARDY); GINA EKDAL (ANGELA BADDELEY) AND MOLVIK (ROBERT BEAUMONT).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"LISTEN TO THE WIND" (Arts).—A new, and genuinely imaginative, fantasy: book by Angela Ainley Jeans, music by Vivian Ellis. (December 16.)
 "CRANKS" (New Watergate).—A coterie revue for a quartet, designed by John Cranko, and staged in an abstract setting (by John Piper) that incorporates such things as a spread of horns, a roll of chicken-wire and a Venetian blind. Middling. (December 19.)
 BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS (Olympia).—One of the annual cycles of the Ring. (December 20.)
 "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST" (Players).—Early Victorian pantomime, pricked with Planché puns. (December 20.)
 "THE WILD DUCK" (Saville).—An exciting revival of Ibsen's attack on meddling idealism. Emlyn Williams, Dorothy Tutin, at the head. (December 21.)
 "CINDERELLA" (Palace).—Excellent traditional pantomime. (December 21.)
 "CHARLEY'S AUNT" (Globe).—Frankie Howerd's Fancourt Babberley galumphs too heavily for me; but the old piece is carried through at speed, and it is set with charm by Motley. (December 22.)
 "NODDY IN TOYLAND" (Princes; matinées).—Enid Blyton's play for juniors. (December 22.)
 "PETER PAN" (Scala).—Peggy Cummins rules the Never-Never-Land this year, with Frank Thring as Hook of Eton and Balliol. (December 23.)
 "THE FAMOUS FIVE" (Princes; evenings).—Miss Blyton again; adventure for an older age-group. (December 23.)
 TOM ARNOLD CIRCUS (Harringay).—For happy slaves of the Ring. (December 23.)
 "THE MARVELLOUS STORY OF PUSS IN BOOTS" (Fortune).—The best of recent children's plays, splendidly staged and acted (December 24). It is done also this year, with similar effect, at the Birmingham Repertory. (December 19.)
 "WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS" (Festival Hall).—Another perennial, complete with St. George. (December 26.)
 "FAMILY FUN" (Adelphi; matinées).—The children love Sooty, Harry Corbett's teddy-bear glove puppet. (December 27.)



A SYMBOL OF "THE PEOPLE'S VIGIL IN DEFENCE OF THEIR LIBERTIES": THE SILVER BELL OF THE WILLIAMSBURG AWARD, OF WHICH SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL IS THE FIRST RECIPIENT.

At a dinner at Drapers' Hall, attended by distinguished guests from the United States and Britain, on December 7, Sir Winston Churchill was the first recipient of the Williamsburg Award, a new American award for "outstanding achievements in advancing basic principles of liberty and justice." The award has been created by the Trustees of Williamsburg, the restored eighteenth-century capital of the former British colony in Virginia, and was presented to Sir Winston by Mr. Winthrop Rockefeller, the Chairman of the Trustees. The award consists of an honorarium of \$10,000 (£3,570) and a silver copy of the colonial Town Crier's bell which is shown on this page. The Trustees of the Williamsburg Award stated that the reasons for

their unanimous selection of Sir Winston Churchill have been "admirably summed up in the words of his biographer, Mr. E. D. O'Brien," in what is described as "a superb summation of Sir Winston's many-sided career"—which appeared in "An Eightieth Year Tribute to Winston Churchill," published by *The Illustrated London News* in 1954. The Town Crier's bell was chosen as the symbol of the Williamsburg Award because in the eighteenth century the Town Crier summoned the citizens to play their part in making and carrying out decisions destined to form the framework of government by the people, and it is the symbol of the people's vigil in defence of their liberties.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the Williamsburg Award.



FLOWERS THAT BRING HEALING IN A BOUQUET FIT FOR A QUEEN: THE BOUQUET PRESENTED TO H.M. THE QUEEN ON HER VISIT TO THE ROYAL LONDON HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL.

KEY TO NUMBERS.

(Note: some numbers are repeated in different parts of the key.)

1. Rose.
2. Gentian (*G. sino-ornata*).
3. White Jasmine (*J. officinale*).
4. Daisy.
5. Primrose.
6. St. John's Wort berries (*Hypericum* sp.).
7. Yellow Jasmine (*J. nudiflorum*).
8. Ceanothus.
9. Cyclamen (*C. neapolitanum*).
10. Salvia (Clary).
11. Lily of the Valley.
12. Rosemary.
13. Acorn.
14. Horse Chestnut seed.
15. Yew berries.
16. Honeysuckle berries.
17. Shepherd's purse.
18. Iris seeds (*I. fetidissima*).
19. Fool's parsley (*Aethusa cynapium*).
20. Marigold (*Calendula* sp.).
21. Valerian.
22. Mimosa (*Acacia* sp.).
23. Scots Fir cone.
24. Laurustinus (*Viburnum tinus*).
25. Hawthorn berries.
26. Alder seeds.
27. Barberry berries (*Berberis* sp.).
28. Viola.
29. Wild strawberry fruits.
30. Strawberry-tree flowers (*Arbutus* sp.).
31. Snowberry berry (*Symphoricarpos*).
32. Ivy flowers.
33. Holly leaves and berries.
34. Stonecrop (*Sedum* sp.).
35. Nettle.
36. Clematis, seed-head.
37. Spindle berries (*Euonymus* sp.).
38. Laburnum seed pods.
39. Plantain (*Plantago* sp.).
40. Mistletoe leaves.
41. Thuja foliage.
42. Christmas rose (*Helleborus niger*).



WHEN H.M. the Queen visited the Royal London Homœopathic Hospital (of which she is Patron) on November 10, the bouquet presented to her was of a unique description, and was, indeed, one in which she took a great interest. We are privileged to reproduce a colour photograph of this bouquet, with a key to the flowers, fruits and leaves of which it was composed. As can be seen, it was made somewhat in the shape of a handbag, with a cord handle for convenience of carrying; but its principal interest is that every plant shown in it is used in medicine, and particularly in homœopathic medicine. We name forty-two of these plants in the key; and there are a few others which it is too difficult to indicate. Further, when it is remembered that this bouquet was compiled (by a doctor) in November—in the "dead water" of the floral year—it is a remarkable commentary on both the beauty and the variety of plants which can be used medicinally to alleviate man's suffering. It must be admitted, however, that some of the medicinal plants are represented here by their close relations, perhaps handsomer relations or perhaps simply more conveniently in flower. For example, the gentian most commonly used in medicine is *G. lutea*, there are many acacias and mimosas used, not all roses are equally useful, nor is the Roast Beef Plant (*Iris fetidissima*) the only iris to contribute to the Pharmacopœia.

BEAUTY AND HEALING: A ROYAL BOUQUET OF FLOWERS AND FRUITS USED IN MEDICINE.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

NEVER before have I seen my garden at such a low ebb in the matter of flowers as it was this afternoon, when my wife and I set out for the village to do a little

Christmas shopping at my country club—the Fox Inn. Cider and Guinness. We cut through my son's garden and part of his nursery, which adjoins mine, and there it was much the same. A few stray polyanthus primroses—which are always such a source of astonishment to folk who like writing to the papers—and a bed of Viola "Norah Leigh" which certainly was a most heartening sight, with dozens and dozens of luminous mauve-violet blossoms, unblemished and unperturbed by a recent 3- or 4-in. fall of snow, which had only just melted away. It is, I suppose, only to be expected that the garden should have reached rock-bottom for dreariness by the shortest day, but in view of the exceptionally pleasant autumn weather that we have been enjoying, I would have expected to see more colour about.

The greatest mass of colour, of a sort, that we passed was a clump of lingering outdoor chrysanthemums in a cottage garden, and they were outstandingly the dreariest feature of a dreary-looking late afternoon. There is surely only one proper place for lingering outdoor chrysanthemums in late December, and that is the compost heap. Leaving them standing to spread despondency among the population should, I hold, be made a penal offence. However, the cosy welcoming warmth of the Fox Inn kitchen soon dispelled the atmosphere generated by those dreary chrysanthemums. Conversation with our host, who is an ex-gamekeeper, ranged round the lakes and ponds around our countryside with a view to possible perch fishing. The perch, though classed as a coarse fish, is a very game and handsome fellow, who has been most aptly described as looking "like a Japanese warrior in his mediaeval armour." And if you get him large enough, say a pound or over, he is as good to eat as a trout. Some say better. A sunny winter's day among the perch would be a delightful solace during the close season for trout.

Apart from stray polyanthus and Viola "Norah Leigh"—a variety which occurred in a neighbour's garden, and which is, in my opinion, one of the most valuable in the whole family of bedding violas—there is little else showing in my garden. In a bed on the north side of the house there is a patch of small sweet violets, and some clumps of Butcher's Broom are gay with a fine crop of great scarlet berries three times the size of holly berries. A big bush of *Viburnum bodnantense* is covered with tufts of pink flower-buds, which have reached the stage of being ready to open in water in the house within a day or two of being gathered. *Viburnum fragrans* seems to be a little later this year.

My one bush of *Chimonanthus fragrans* is being thoroughly tiresome. It

LOWEST EBB.
By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

is the variety which has yellow flowers as opposed to the parchment-coloured type. I was once told that the wintersweet, *chimonanthus*, takes eight years to flower after planting, and certainly my specimen, which I grew first in my garden at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, took about that time to make up its mind to blossom, after which it flowered regularly every winter. When I migrated to the Cotswolds I decided to risk bringing the wintersweet with me, although by that time it had developed a leg as thick as a man's. I cut the branches back severely, and got it up with a fair amount of working roots. The operation was not only successful—the patient lived. That was eight years ago. I planted it with its back to a stone wall facing south, and there it has made a good deal of growth, and reached a height of 7 or 8 ft. Four years ago it flowered quite

according to the method given by Bean.

I hope I may be forgiven for returning once more to the subject of the South African flowers, chinchinchees. I wrote recently about growing two white-flowered species, *Ornithogalum thyrsoides* and *O. lacteum*, in the open ground, and in pots in the open air to flower in late autumn. Since then I have received from Messrs. Howie, the famous South African growers of these flowers, a box of glorious golden- or orange-coloured chinchinchees. They arrived in mid-December, with a few blossoms fully open, and quantities of buds in each spike ready to grow and develop and open. I do not yet know the name of this species. I saw it growing wild at the Cape fifty years ago, have remembered it vividly ever since, and have always felt that if it could be grown

and sent to England in bud, in the same way as the white ones, it would be infinitely more valuable than the white. Last year I mentioned this to Mr. Howie, in writing to him about the white-flowered species. He wrote and told me that he was growing the golden one and experimenting with it. Now he has sent me a consignment of the flowers. They are magnificent. The individual blossoms are finer than those of the whites, with wider, rounder petals, forming a more perfectly cup-shaped flower, not unlike the blossoms of the large-flowered field buttercup, *Ranunculus bulbosus*. Their colour is a wonderfully rich orange-gold, richer and more buttery, and slightly more orange than any buttercup, and I find they open well in water and develop and hold their colour well.

The white chinchinchees are very welcome, coming as they do in mid-winter, arriving cut from the Cape in perfect condition, and lasting in water for weeks and weeks, even months. But I predict that these orange ones will be 100 per cent. more welcome, on account of their rich, glowing colour. But how soon they will begin to arrive in this country I do not know. I am told that an orange-flowered *Ornithogalum* was exhibited recently at the R.H.S. and received an Award of Merit. I was not at the show in question, and somehow missed seeing any account of it, either in the daily or the gardening papers, so do not know whether it was the same species that I am enjoying now.

In the kitchen garden brussels sprouts have done badly owing to last summer's drought. I raised and grew a few of the new purple sprouts. They are handsome to look at, and amusing to have, for a change. But alas, as far as I can tell from the first dish we have had, they are no sort of a change to eat. I had hoped, though not with much confidence, that these purple sprouts would perhaps differ from the eternal green ones. They don't. But thank goodness the crop of both green and purple promises to make sprouts a rare delicacy this winter.



A FLOWERING SPRAY OF WINTERSWEET, *CHIMONANTHUS FRAGRANS*: A DELIGHTFUL WINTER-FLOWERING SHRUB, WHICH CALLS FOR PATIENCE IN THOSE WHO PLANT IT. IT WILL BE CELEBRATING ITS BICENTENARY IN THIS COUNTRY IN TEN YEARS' TIME, HAVING BEEN INTRODUCED FROM CHINA IN 1766. [Photograph by J. E. Downward.]

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THE OLD AND THE NEW—IN ROWING BOATS—AT THE NATIONAL BOAT SHOW: BELOW, THE 135-YEAR-OLD NEWQUAY PILOT GIG; ABOVE, THE CAMBRIDGE "EIGHT" OF 1948. The second National Boat Show, organised by the Ship and Boat Builders National Federation and sponsored by the *Daily Express*, opened at Olympia on December 29. The exhibition is almost twice as large as last year's and more than 170 exhibitors have taken stands, and nearly 200 craft were exhibited.

PORCELAIN BELLS AND BRICK SCULPTURE, IN A MISCELLANY OF NEWS FROM FOUR COUNTRIES.



THE FIRST DUTCH MODEL OF AN ATOMICALLY-POWERED MERCHANT SHIP, DISPLAYED AT THE NATIONAL TECHNICAL INSTITUTE FOR SHIPPING AND AVIATION AT ROTTERDAM.



A PEAL OF BELLS IN PORCELAIN: SOME OF THE FORTY-ONE NEW MEISSNER PORCELAIN BELLS IN THE TOWN HALL OF LUNEBURG, GERMANY. STRUCK WITH ELECTROMAGNETIC HAMMERS, THEY RANG IN THE NEW YEAR.



A SIDELIGHT ON CYPRUS TERRORISM: A RESTAURANT IN NICOSIA WITH IRON GRILLES TO PREVENT BOMBS BEING THROWN. Following the incident in Nicosia, when fifteen people were injured by a bomb, cafés and bars were placed out of bounds until steel mesh had been put over windows and entries. On January 1 Field Marshal Sir John Harding broadcast a warning to the terrorist organisation E.O.K.A. that their days were numbered and that the net was slowly but surely closing around them. On Dec. 30 Archbishop Makarios said that he considered the Cyprus problem "solved."



LONDON'S CONNECTION WITH BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: 36, CRAVEN STREET, WHERE HE ONCE LIVED. Benjamin Franklin, the great American statesman, scientist and philosopher, was born in 1706 and this year, the 250th anniversary of his birth, is being widely observed in the United States and elsewhere. Because of Franklin's association with London, where he once lived, a number of events are being arranged here.



A MODERN SCULPTURE IN AN ANCIENT MEDIUM: AN ABSTRACT RELIEF BY MR. HENRY MOORE, IN CARVED BRICK—HIS FIRST USE OF THIS MEDIUM—AT ROTTERDAM.

This abstract composition in old red brick, designed by Mr. Moore and carried out by two Dutch bricklayers, measures about 60 ft. long and 26 ft. high. It forms part of the wall of a new extension to Rotterdam's Building Centre and was unveiled on December 22 by the British Consul-General in Rotterdam.



AT THE NATIONAL SCHOOLBOY'S OWN EXHIBITION: TAKING A TEST IN A "CAREERS CALCULATOR" DESIGNED TO ADVISE THOSE WHO WISH TO GO INTO THE ELECTRICAL INDUSTRY. The National Schoolboy's Own Exhibition opened in both the R.H.S. Halls in Westminster on December 31. Although space travel and television were among the features, great prominence was given to careers for boys; and several industries as well as the Services staged exhibits designed to attract the "young entry."

NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD: THE COMET'S EPIC FLIGHT, AND OTHER RECENT EVENTS.



(LEFT). AFTER PRESENTING A STANDARD TO COMMANDOS AT ROZENDAAL: QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS STEPPING OVER BANNERS OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL.

(RIGHT.) B.O.A.C. GET DELIVERY OF TWO BRISTOL BRITANNIAS: SIR REGINALD VERDON SMITH (RIGHT) HANDING THE LOG BOOKS TO SIR MILES THOMAS.

On December 30 B.O.A.C. took delivery of the first two of their fleet of fifteen Bristol *Britannia* Mark 100 airliners, the first long-range civil transports with turbo-prop engines. They were formally handed over to Sir Miles Thomas, the corporation's chairman, by Sir Reginald Verdon Smith, chairman of the Bristol Aeroplane Company, at London Airport.

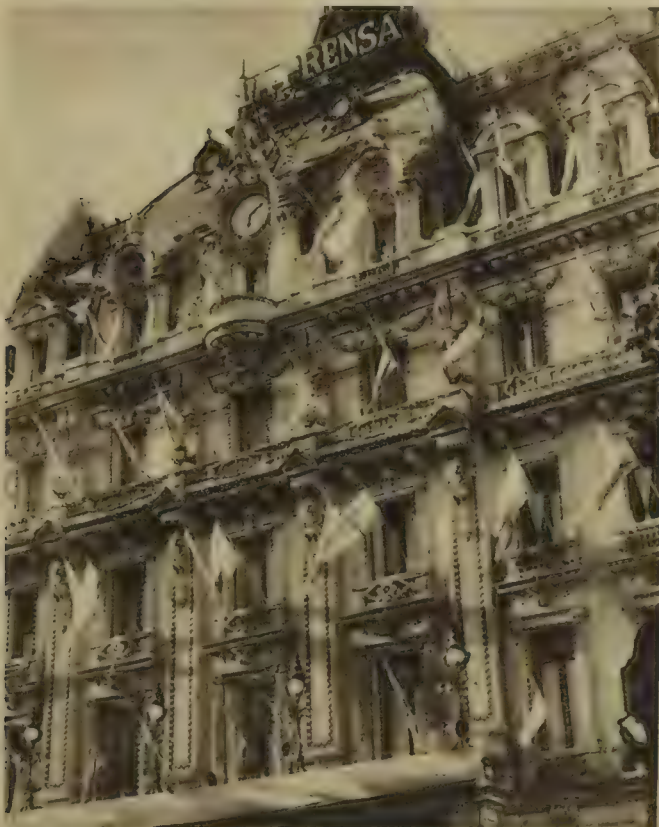


AFTER COMPLETING ITS WORLD TOUR WITH A 548-M.P.H. CROSSING OF THE ATLANTIC: THE *COMET III*, AT LONDON AIRPORT, NEAR THE STATUE OF ALCOCK AND BROWN, THE FIRST MEN TO FLY THE ATLANTIC.

In the last leg of its round-the-world tour, the *Comet III* crossed non-stop from Montreal to London, a distance of some 3350 statute miles, at an average speed of 548 m.p.h. Nearing Ireland its speed was raised to 590 m.p.h. by a strong tail wind. It was over London Airport 6 hours 8 mins. after leaving Montreal, but had to circle for 10 minutes before landing, owing to thick, black clouds. The crossing was made at heights up to 43,000 ft. and was smooth in the main. No attempts were made to make records and the flight was not officially observed.



ON HIS ARRIVAL AFTER PILOTING THE *COMET III* ROUND THE WORLD: GROUP CAPTAIN CUNNINGHAM (LEFT) BEING GREETED BY SIR MILES THOMAS. (CENTRE, BELTED COAT) THE ASSISTANT PILOT, MR. P. BUGGE.

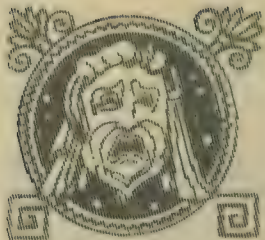


FLAGS FLYING ON THE *LA PRENSA* BUILDING IN BUENOS AIRES. AT A CEREMONY ON DECEMBER 21 THE EDITOR, DR. PAZ, FORMALLY TOOK POSSESSION OF THE BUILDING.



DURING THE CEREMONY AT BUENOS AIRES: DR. ALBERTO GAINZA PAZ (LEFT), WITH MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY AND STAFF, STANDS ON THE BALCONY OF THE *LA PRENSA* BUILDING.

On December 21 Dr. Alberto Gainza Paz, the editor and owner, formally took possession of the *La Prensa* building in Buenos Aires at a ceremony attended by over 1000 people. *La Prensa*, Argentina's leading daily paper, had been seized by President Peron in 1951. It has now been handed back to Dr. Paz by a special Government decree. The Paz family founded the newspaper in 1869. Dr. Paz had spent over four years in exile.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

"RICHARD III": A DISCLAIMER.

By ALAN DENT.

WHENEVER I give a lecture of the sort at which the audience asks questions afterwards, I am almost invariably asked whether critics are absolutely genuine in their judgments, and I almost invariably take—or make—the chance to reply: "Speaking for myself, I can only say that there is nothing false about me—excepting, perhaps, my modesty!"

This vaunted modesty of mine has been somewhat shaken and tested of late by the superb and practically unanimous critical acclaim given to Sir Laurence Olivier's latest and greatest Shakespearian film, "Richard III." For at the tail-end of the "credits" which are unrolled at the conclusion—and just before an absolutely final credit which runs "The music by Sir William Walton" to the accompaniment of a proud and swelling march which is doubtless marked "nobilmente" in Elgar's style and manner—there is clearly to be discerned the intimation that this film's "text-adviser" was none other than your blushing film critic himself.

In consequence of this, my Christmas celebrations have been marred and jarred by acquaintances and friends (even intimate friends who should know better) adding the words: "And congratulations on *Richard III*" to their seasonal toasts and written greetings. The more I protest, the less they believe me. When I go into explanations about the unimportance of text-advisership as compared with text-editorship (the capacity in which I much more actively served Sir Laurence in both "Henry V" and "Hamlet"), they give me nothing but a patient smile which clearly says: "What a remarkably modest man this is—fill up his glass and stop his protestations!"

Since no one seems willing to believe my disclaimers in conversation or in correspondence, let me take this opportunity to state them in print. The facts are these. I really did a certain amount of work, though always in direct consultation and collaboration with Sir Laurence, on both "Henry V" (in Buckinghamshire at the fag-end of the war) and "Hamlet" (in Liguria under orange-trees while England was under deep snow in the ghastly winter of 1947). But in the case of "Richard III" the film's director, Sir Laurence himself, prepared the entire script, unaided and unhindered, while on holiday in Ischia with Sir William Walton (who was to write the music, as he had done for the other two films).

Very soon after Sir Laurence's return to England he sent for me and, with the air of a small boy who had been up to mischief, he said to this exact effect: "Look, dear boy, I've prepared a script for 'Richard' which is going to shake you and all of them. I've

in the coffin from the father of the Lady Anne to the husband of the Lady Anne whom Richard, as you know, murdered likewise. This has involved a lot of transposition, but I've done it all already, and it was quite a labour. I hope you will like it, and not find it necessary to alter very much."

It was, and it is, a most impressive piece of script—

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "RICHARD III," HIS LATEST SHAKESPEARIAN FILM, OF WHICH HE IS ALSO PRODUCER AND DIRECTOR.

In choosing Sir Laurence Olivier as his star of the fortnight, Mr. Alan Dent writes: "This is a performance stamped with greatness—the supreme quality which, when you come to think of it, occurs just as seldom on the screen as on the stage. It is a complete and multi-varied study of the Royal usurper, the princely hypocrite, who 'smiled, and murdered as he smiled'; and this Richard's horrifying death-scene sends us back in excited wonderment to re-read Hazlitt describing Edmund Kean's 'preternatural and terrific grandeur' in this culmination of one of his great things, where he fought 'like one drunk with wounds.' It is one of Laurence Olivier's great things also, and this film, the third of the major Shakespearian films directed and devised as well as acted in the chief part by Sir Laurence himself, is declared by many good judges to be in most respects better than his 'Hamlet,' better even than his 'Henry V.'"

writing. Everybody has said so already, so I may say so now (as I said it the very next day to Sir Laurence, after spending most of the night excitedly reading the version which was already in type and not very different from the final version which came to be used). I liked it very much indeed, and said so. Some trifling suggestions for alteration which I ventured to put forward were heard with great respect—and not adopted. Wholeheartedly I approved of the insertion into Richard's opening soliloquy of some fifty lines spoken by the same character in Shakespeare's "King Henry VI: Part Three," the lines beginning:

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub . . .

Perhaps I had some slight misgiving that the insertion would make the opening soliloquy over-long. But Sir Laurence's daemonic acting, coupled with that camera sense of his for which I can find no adjective that will not sound fulsome and over-flattering, makes the soliloquy seem even shorter than it does in the normal stage-version.

There were a few other adjustments I was asked to concur in, things too detailed to be gone into here. And, finally, I was asked to give my approval to the restoration of a few lines of Colley Cibber's old acting version, the one used by Garrick originally, and adapted by all the great actors of the nineteenth century right up to Henry Irving, who finally abandoned it—such things as: "Richard's himself again!" and "Off with his head, so much for Buckingham!" An astonishing number of people do not seem to realise, even at this time of day, that these and half-a-dozen other such well-known lines were written by Cibber and do not occur in Shakespeare's text. They have always seemed to me magnificent melodrama, and magnificently in character. So once again I nodded approval.

Thereafter the film of "Richard III" went "on the floor" at Shepperton, and in the course of the many months it took to make, I called there twice and noted that all was going swimmingly. One Sunday morning in the middle of this period I was telephoned by Richard himself with the request for a line, "anywhere in Shakespeare," which he might say as a word of encouragement to his horse just before the Battle of Bosworth Field. Ten minutes later I telephoned back to suggest Shallow's very first line to Silence in "King Henry IV: Part Two," the remark of one country justice to another in an orchard in Gloucestershire: "Come on, come on, come on, sir." Now this was both astute and ingratiating of me, for I jolly well knew that Justice Shallow, which he played in the course of those unforgettable Old Vic seasons which gave us also his *Ædipus*, his *Sir Peter Teazle* and his *Richard III*, among other great things, had been a marvellous comic study and a favourite part of Sir Laurence's. He thanked me fervently, and told me I was a wonder and a treasure, and I put the telephone down in a glow of gratification. But this overwhelming modesty of mine absolutely forces me to add the simple plain truth that my contribution, if it was ever adopted at all, certainly does not appear in the final film!

It has now, I think, been made clear that text-adviser is a very much humbler office than text-editor. I would even amend the appellation of my function to "text-approver." But even so, it would hardly be becoming in me to write a criticism of the film itself. So I will say no more than that it seems to me to be fine and dandy, and that it seems to me to have been cast with superlative sensibility. The aching beauty of Sir John Gielgud's verse-speaking in Clarence, the little watchful smile of Sir Ralph



"GOD BLESS YOUR GRACE WITH HEALTH AND HAPPY DAYS!" THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON (GEORGE WOODBRIDGE) GREETES THE YOUNG PRINCE OF WALES (PAUL HUSON) WHILE GLOUCESTER (SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER; LEFT), THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (NICHOLAS HANNEN) AND BUCKINGHAM (SIR RALPH RICHARDSON) LOOK STERNLY ON. A SCENE FROM THE NEW SHAKESPEARIAN FILM, "RICHARD III," WHICH IS PRODUCED, IN ASSOCIATION, BY LONDON FILMS AND LAURENCE OLIVIER PRODUCTIONS.

cut out that old cursing Queen Margaret—I've begun it all with the coronation of Edward IV with lots of music, and Richard and Clarence and Buckingham exchanging smiles, and not a word said except 'God Save King Edward!' by everybody at once."

Encouraged by my obvious interest, though it expressed itself in nothing more than the words "Have you now?" Sir Laurence went on with the list of his processes: "Then I've cut the wooing-of-the-Lady-Anne scene in two, in an attempt to make it more credible and possible. I've even altered the corpse



THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH AS SEEN IN "RICHARD III," WHICH IS FILMED IN VISTAVISION AND IN EASTMAN COLOUR. THE DUKE OF NORFOLK (JOHN PHILLIPS; LEFT) HAS SHOWN AN OMINOUS MESSAGE TO RICHARD III (SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER; CENTRE) AND CATESBY (NORMAN WOOLAND). (LONDON PREMIÈRE, DECEMBER 13; LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE.)

Richardson's Buckingham, the manly impetuosity of Alec Clunes's Hastings, the passionate snowdrop which Claire Bloom makes of the Lady Anne, the witty silences of Pamela Brown's Mistress Shore—all these things, and many others, have already been singled out and praised by almost all of my colleagues. And for the all-powerful and all-pervading Richard himself that immensely perceptive colleague, Miss Dilys Powell, found the perfect phrase in a broadcast discussion the other Sunday morning when she described Sir Laurence in the part as being "full of wicked charm." It is a thing to see. I advise your seeing it.



EXAMINING THE FOSSILISED REMAINS OF A PREHISTORIC FISH: SOME OF THE CHILDREN AT A LECTURE GIVEN BY DR. W. E. SWINTON (LEFT), OF THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM. Lectures for children given by learned scientists, explorers, naturalists and politicians are now a feature of the Christmas holidays. Large audiences of eager and well-informed boys and girls attend talks or films on many subjects. On December 29 Dr. W. E. Swinton, head of the Fossil Reptile Section of the Natural History Museum, gave a fascinating talk called "Children Dig Up the Past." On December 27 Professor H. W. Melville gave the first of six Christmas lectures for young people at the Royal Institution; his subject was "Big Molecules."

CHILDREN'S LECTURES, THE ARTS BALL, A CYPRUS G.M., AND SPORT AWARDS AND CHESS.



STUDYING SPECIMENS SHOWN TO THEM BY PROFESSOR H. W. MELVILLE: CHILDREN ATTENDING THE FIRST OF SIX LECTURES ON MOLECULES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

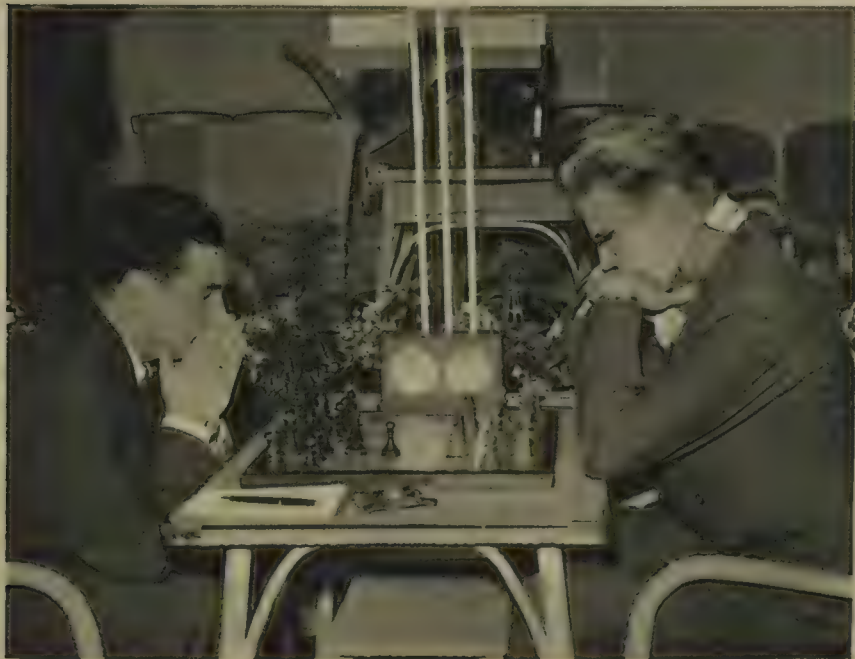


ALWAYS ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL: HUNDREDS OF BALLOONS DRIFTING DOWN FROM THE DOME AND DANCERS IN FANCY DRESS SWARMING TOGETHER TO BURST THEM. Owing to New Year's Eve falling on Saturday, the Chelsea Arts Ball was held on December 30 at the Royal Albert Hall; and consequently lacked the usual climax of the birth of the New Year. It lacked little else, however. The theme was Bow Bells, the Lord Mayor put in an appearance, the backcloth (by Leonard Rosoman) was an East End scene, and the centrepiece (by A. R. Thomson, R.A.) a City spire.



AWARDED THE GEORGE MEDAL FOR GALLANTRY IN CYPRUS: MAJOR B. J. COOMBE, R.E., WHO IS STILL ON DUTY IN CYPRUS.

It was announced by the War Office on December 22 that the George Medal had been awarded to Major Coombe, who was ambushed when driving on duty in Cyprus on December 15. His driver, Lance-Corporal Morum, was killed, and Major Coombe took immediate offensive action. When assistance arrived some 75 mins. later he had killed one terrorist, wounded two and captured another.



A STUDY IN MEDITATION AT HASTINGS: M. TAIMANOV (U.S.S.R., LEFT) AND F. OLAFSSON (ICELAND) AT THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS.

The thirty-first annual Hastings International chess congress opened on December 28, and among the games on the opening day was one between M. Taimanov, the Russian grandmaster, and the Icelandic champion, F. Olafsson, in which the latter was victorious after an interesting contest of thirty-four moves.



VOTED SPORTSMAN AND SPORTSWOMAN OF THE YEAR: MR. GORDON PIRIE (LEFT) AND MISS PAT SMYTHE WITH THEIR TROPHIES, PRESENTED BY MR. IAIN MACLEOD, MINISTER OF LABOUR. Voted sportsman and sportswoman of the year in a ballot organised by the *Sporting Record*, Mr. Gordon Pirie, the athlete, and Miss Pat Smythe, the show-jumper, were presented with their trophies by Mr. Iain Macleod, the former Minister of Health and now Minister of Labour, in a ceremony in London on December 28.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

SUCH is the range and variety of modern fiction that one could describe this as a week of love stories without giving the least idea what to expect. The novels might still be almost anything, and have practically no common ground. Indeed, they have not much; and in "The Doves of Venus," by Olivia Manning (Heinemann; 13s. 6d.), which is the solidest of the four, the theme itself admits a variety of interpretations. It may be defined as a love story: or as a study of innocence and experience, of youth and age; or as a kind of social document: or even as a manifesto on the oppression of women. Granted, this last is extremely tiresome when pursued openly. But it can be very effective under control.

Here it makes a covert entrance in the title. The "doves of Venus" are girls—"delicious," fluttering little simpletons like Ellie Parsons, who has defied her mother and broken away from the provincial nest, not to get married (of course, it is laudable of her sister Emmy to be getting married) but to "do her own work." For Ellie considers herself an artist; she went to evening classes at the Eastsea Technical School. But in local eyes, that can be no reason for deserting a widowed mother—even if she were "doing her own work," instead of tying up parcels in the basement of an interior-decorating firm. And the indignant Emmy gave her two weeks. "You wait. Living in a cubicle, filthy food, no money, no friends, no fun—" Which was an exact summary, except for leaving out the only important things: the "miracle of London, and the crowning miracle of Quintin Bellot. Quintin has a stake in the firm, and one day Mrs. Primrose brought him downstairs. He looked at Ellie. A few evenings later, he was watching for her. . . .

"And not the last of my little girls! Not the last, by any means." To Quintin this is a peculiarly gratifying thought; for he is getting on, and yet the doves still adore him. And certainly not for pickings. He knows Ellie to be miserably hard up; but as he has only £2000 a year himself, it never even occurs to him to pay her taxi-fare. And now his wife Petta has come back—threatening suicide as usual, and capable of committing it if he throws her out. There is nothing for it but to contrive his own getaway, and then instruct his solicitor to remove the furniture. Meanwhile, Ellie can't come to the flat, so it is pointless to go on seeing her.

This might be the end of an ordinary novel. Here it arrives early, and Ellie's novitiate continues. Quintin, the "average sensual man," has an older pendant in Tom Claypole, the ex-rake who has now to attract his doves by largesse, and insists on purity. Ellie, the child who feels herself eternally young by definition, is balanced by Petta, the hysterical, just-waning beauty, who never imagined she would grow old. And while the mature think of the youngsters as born too late—"No 'very heaven' these days!"—Ellie and her like are enjoying all the prescriptive raptures and aspirations, quite undiminished by the welfare state or the hydrogen bomb. This story contains a great deal; and it has any amount of brilliant detail.

OTHER FICTION.

Yet "The China Shepherdess," by Félicien Marceau (Arthur Barker; 12s. 6d.), makes it look slightly earth-bound. The Belgian novel is all young people; and I could wish it a different title. Originally, it was called "Bergère Légère"; which, I agree, would lose most of its effect in translation, but "china" gives quite the wrong idea. It suggests a static daintiness, whereas the tale is about nothing but a very young girl leading her flock of swains a dance. And Marie-Jeanne is no pastoral little flirt; she has more in common with Tennyson's "Gleam," or with the "fair Vision" that led his voyagers a dance round the world. She is the "bright child of despair"—and in the light of her freedom, intellectuality and comic charm, Ellie seems rather a run-of-the-mill ingénue.

When the story opens, Marie-Jeanne is only thirteen. But already she is "most charming"; already she has the sweet voice, the clear articulation, and the courage of her impulses. As a result, she is spending two or three hours daily, under the rose, with a retired jockey and the massive prostitute, his companion. And she is not a bit the worse. But the exploit leads to a year of rustication with her grandfather at Louisc-Marie—where we meet Nicholas, her cousin and "other self." But an absurdly different self: even at fourteen, the eternal theorist and man of systems. At eighteen, they are together in Brussels, and Marie-Jeanne has assembled a little court. She takes each of her followers a long way; then one by one they drop out—they are not up to her—and only Nicholas makes the grade. However, this account is both mutilated and flat-footed. It leaves out all the fun and imagination, the wild civility, the charm of youthful bombast and nonsense.

"The Tigress on the Hearth," by Margery Sharp (Collins; 10s. 6d.), is a long-short, perfectly managed little joke. The scene is Victorian, with an essential prelude in Albania. There Hugo Lutterwell has the misfortune to shoot someone's dog. He is at once mobbed by avengers, and owes his rescue to a beautiful, strapping girl who sticks a knife in the dog-owner. Within a few days he has resolved to marry Kathi, thus affording her "fuller opportunities for a Christian life." And she has an enormous success in Devonshire—but she is not known to have killed anyone. Hugo has kept that dark; he explains that it was admirable of her to do it, only she mustn't talk about it. And so—But I won't spoil the joke. Anyhow, it would be nothing without the neat, bland, period finish.

"Cork and the Serpent," by Macdonald Hastings (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), also features a siren with a troop of swains. It starts when Mr. Montague Cork, aged sixty-odd, and managing director of the Anchor Insurance Company, is accosted by a street-walker wearing a stolen brooch. Its loss had just been reported to his firm by the eccentric Lord Pangbourne. But now he learns that it was reported to the police nearly two months ago, by the Maharaja of Lumphur. That very evening, there is a murderous attack on the Maharaja. . . . All because of the siren "Charlie," a temporary horse-girl who has become engaged to Lord Pangbourne's son. Add murder and arson on the downs, a race meeting, and a Buckingham Palace garden party, and you can see there is no shortage of colour. Good entertainment, too.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THIS game, played in a match between Italy and Belgium last year, exhibits a swashbuckling opening that takes us back to last century, sacrifices of pawns and pieces galore and a beautifully balanced finale where the adventurous one can just draw by perpetual check; all in the brief space of twenty-one moves. Who could ask for more?

DENARO

White

1. P-K4
2. Kt-KB3
3. B-B4
4. P-B3
5. P-Q4
6. P×P
7. Kt-B3
8. Castles
9. P-Q5

DONNY

Black

- P-K4
- Kt-QB3
- B-B4
- Kt-B3
- P×P
- B-Kt5ch
- Kt×KP
- B×Kt

This fascinating position has engrossed the analysts for generations. White is a piece and a pawn to the bad, but two black pieces are *en prise* and, though each side has registered three developing moves, White holds more of the centre and can bring out his remaining pieces more easily. All told, the chances are finely balanced—which is what has made the position so interesting!

9. . . .

10. R-K1

11. R×Kt

B-B3

Castles

Kt-R4

11. . . . Kt-K2 is more usual, and probably a shade the better.

12. B-Q3

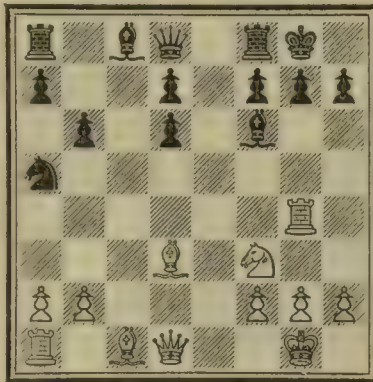
13. P-Q6!?

P-QKt3

P×P?

To take his pawn seems hardly wise, if only for the hideous configuration of Black's centre pawns that results. Why not 13. . . . B-Kt2 at once?

14. R-KKt4



14. . . .

P-Kt3

The *Deutsche Schachzeitung* has suggested 14. . . . Kt-B3 with the probable continuation 15. Kt-Kt5, P-KR3; 16. Kt-R7, Kt-K4 here.

15. Kt-Kt5

B-QKt2

Now things start happening.

16. Kt×RP!

K×Kt

17. R×P!

P×R

18. Q-R5ch

K-Kt1

18. . . . P×Q is, of course, illegal (19. B×K!).

19. Q×Pch

B-Kt2

20. Q-R7ch

B-B2

21. Q-Kt6ch

K-Kt1

White suddenly finds that he must content himself with a draw. Black has an adequate answer to any attempt to win, the closest shave coming after 21. Q-R5ch, when Black dare play 21. . . . K-K2! e.g., 22. B-KKt5ch, R-B3 (22. . . . B-B3? would not allow for White's next; and, anyway, Black can afford to be generous with material); 23. R-Ktch, K-B1—and Black breathes again!

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

"THE UNKNOWN PRIME MINISTER"; ULSTER AND OTHERS.

IT is the measure of the excellence of Mr. Robert Blake's "The Unknown Prime Minister—The Life and Times of Andrew Bonar Law" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 42s.), that he has made such an extremely interesting book of such a fundamentally dull man. Mr. Blake quotes Asquith (who, in the patrician manner which was his by education rather than by birth, always looked down on Bonar Law) as saying after his funeral in Westminster Abbey: "It is fitting that we should have buried the Unknown Prime Minister by the side of the Unknown Soldier" [sic]. Mr. Blake does not regard this remark as either "just or true," but even at the end of this brilliant, evocative and penetrating book, the inner Bonar Law remains as much a mystery to the reader as he seems to have been to his contemporaries. But then it is given to few, not members of that race, to be able to fathom

the mental processes of Ulster Scots—particularly those brought up in Canada. With the possible exception of Disraeli, the Conservative Party has never had a more curious or a more incongruous leader. Disraeli, the Jew, became the leader of a party whose slogan was still "Church and State"—the Church being the broad, Anglican Church, the State being the ascendancy of landowner and squire. Bonar Law, the speed of whose rise in politics to the leadership of the Conservative Party has only been rivalled in our times by the recent promotion of Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, was everything that his associates were not. He was not an aristocrat like A. J. Balfour and the Cecils, or Lords Lansdowne and Derby; he drank lime-juice or ginger-ale where Mr. Asquith and Lord Birkenhead preferred nobler tipples; and his personal and financial integrity shone like a muffled beacon in the Parliaments of the "Marconi Scandal" and the "khaki" Parliament of 1918 of "hard-faced businessmen who looked as if they had done well out of the war." Nobody could have been more shy, more retiring, less social than Bonar Law, and yet his most intimate friend was that most ubiquitous, amusing (or exasperating, according to your point of view) *poltergeist* of our time, Lord Beaverbrook. Indeed, one of the most endearing things about Lord Beaverbrook has always been his devoted and affectionate loyalty to the man—and this is not to exaggerate—whom he created politically. Bonar Law's career is a remarkable (if at times disheartening) tribute to the capacity of the average English for distrusting those who are "too clever by half," and creating their leaders in their own dull, kindly, honest image. Bonar Law had luck, it is true. He had the luck to be a businessman at a time when the Conservative Party could boast of few politicians of the front rank who had been through the industrial and commercial mill. The young man who had, as he pointed out, acquired a large part of his political training by attending all the bankruptcies of debtors to his firm and insisting on speaking, was a rare and valuable bird among the Conservatives who survived the great defeat of 1906. He had luck again in that when Balfour unwillingly retired, Walter Long and Austen Chamberlain were so evenly matched that the Conservative Party (as so often in its history) chose a third, if ungrammatical, alternative. But for that chance (and the indefatigable prodding of Lord Beaverbrook) he could never have been in the position first to unseat Asquith, and then, having been so close to him, to have been the negative architect of the downfall of one who had become his close friend and chief, Lloyd George. Mr. Blake's book is a most notable addition to the history of a period of which the younger generation knows nothing, and which the older generation regards as being all too familiar. He points out that the only two things on which Bonar Law really felt strongly in his political career were Ulster and Tariff Reform. Here again it is difficult for the modern generation to understand the violence of the feelings aroused by the question of Ireland before and immediately after the first war. A few hotheads on either side of the border may keep the dying embers of old fires smouldering, but in comfortable Ulster, and in an Eire where all political parties start, by English standards, well to the right of Mr. R. A. Butler, the passions and bloodshed of the recent past seem curiously remote and unreal. To understand Bonar Law, the contradiction, the quirks, the strength of his character, it is necessary to know something of his native Ulster.

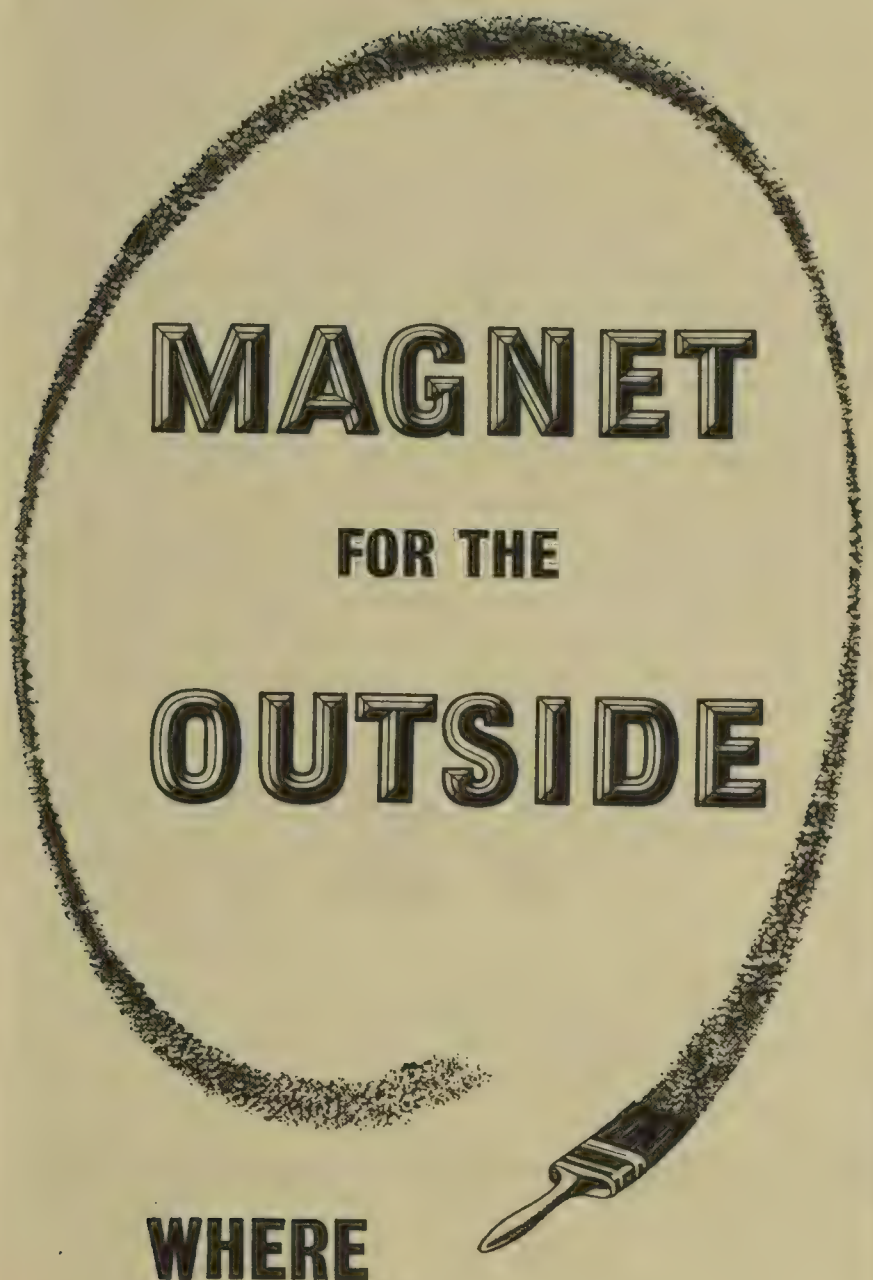
An admirable guide to this subject is "Ulster Under Home Rule," edited by Thomas Wilson (Oxford University Press; 21s.). The alien character, from the native Irish point of view, of the population of four at least of the Six Counties which lies at the base of the hatred between north and south, is clearly brought out. Even so civilised an individual as Sir David Lindsay Keir, writing on the plantation of Ulster, says that the English Government was enabled "to deal with Ulster as no part of Ireland had ever been dealt with before. The Province had long needed special treatment and now got it," which is as modest a way of describing wholesale robbery with violence as I have yet encountered. Nevertheless, for someone who is interested in the development of Unionist Ulster, and the very special part which it plays in the Commonwealth, this is as clear and (given the virtual impossibility of using the word in connection with Irish affairs) as objective a symposium as one could wish for.

My interest in these two excellent books has carried me away, so that I can do little more than recommend "The Tudors," by Christopher Morris (Batsford; 21s.). This, though occasionally I sniff Whiggish brimstone, is a first-rate analysis of the Welsh family, of whom three were brilliant and one had integrity (alas! that the sentences did not run concurrently), who made modern England.

As I say, to understand Bonar Law one must understand Ulster, and to understand Ulster, one must appreciate the changes and chances which made the Reformation in Britain. A product of the post-Reformation world who compares so badly with his friend and fellow-diarist, Pepys, is Evelyn, the subject of a new biography "John Evelyn and His Family Circle," by W. G. Hiscock (Routledge; 25s.). Mr. Hiscock has drawn on many original sources newly come to light, and not the least fascinating is his reconstruction of the "great friendship" of Evelyn and Mrs. Godolphin.

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IT IS NOT KNOWN what children think about waiters, and it can only be surmised what waiters think about children. A child's first experience of a restaurant must be full of surprising and incomprehensible phenomena, and the anonymous, black-coated gentleman who proffers its delicious viands is only one wonder among many. "Who is that man, Mummy?" it occasionally asks in a penetrating and slightly apprehensive voice; but its mind is so busy speculating what all the huge knives and forks are for, and what to do with the snowy immensities of its napkin, and why the lady and gentleman next door have got a bottle in a bucket full of ice, that the deft, mysterious stranger makes but a fleeting impression. The child's presence must, one suspects, put the waiter in a rather invidious position. Normally he endeavours to interest guests in the richer and more expensive dishes; for the bigger the bill, the bigger the tip. But now the epicure's adviser is demoted to an austere dietician. Reproachful cries of "Please don't give him any of that!" and "I thought you said it wasn't fried in oil?" ring in his ears. A maternal nose sniffs suspiciously at the delicacies he brings. The best he can hope for is that the young gentleman (for it is thus, rather than as "sonny" or "your little boy", that he feels obliged to refer to the child) will not be sick until later in the afternoon.



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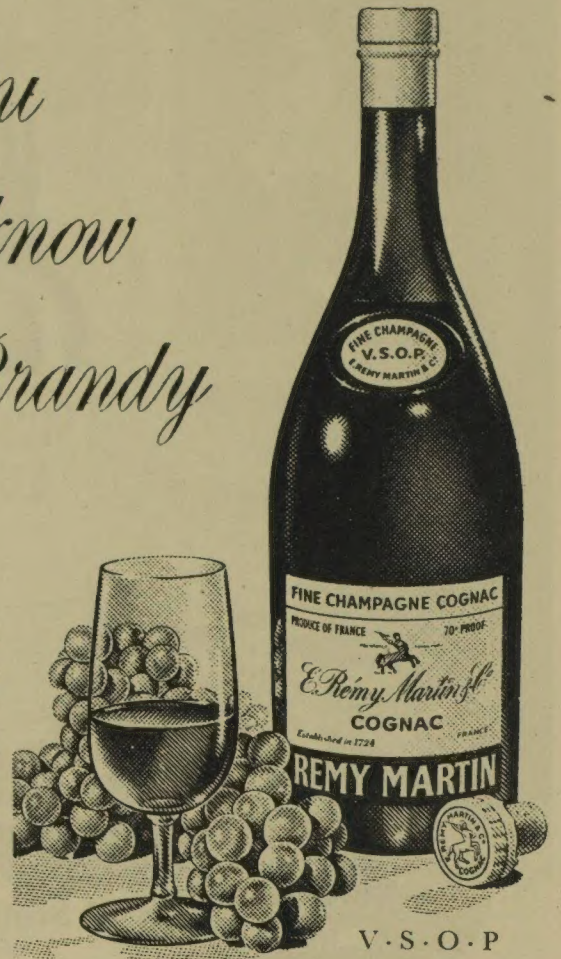
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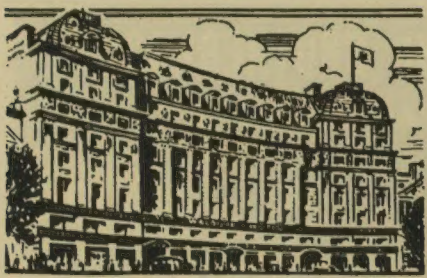
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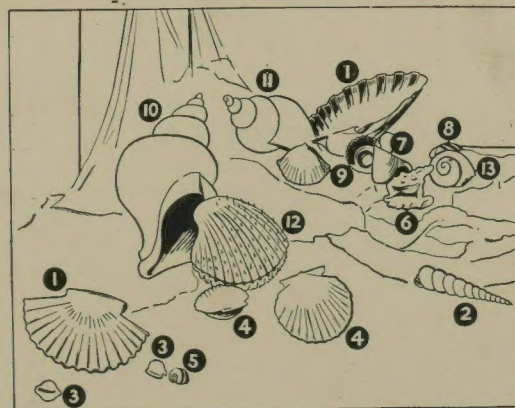
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